MAYFAIR

30p Vol. 8 No. 5

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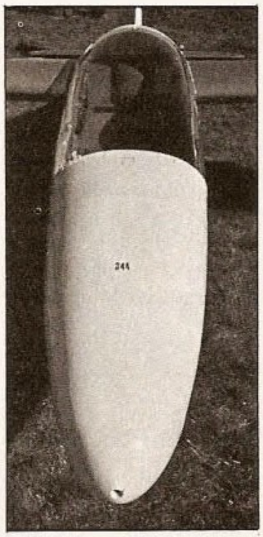

Cloud climber, page 32

SPECIAL FEATURES

Beloved of novelists, the Orient Express bids fare to be the world's most glamorous train, but the facts are wilder than the fiction, says Samuel Westlake. F. J. Stephens finds a safe path through the Heath Robinson world of wartime boobytraps, and Doug Birch gives the lowdown on Britain's highest flying sport. William Boddy finds the lively Lotus Europa a tight squeeze.

GIRLS

Ladle in one hand and pen in the other, buxom Barbie-Jane leads the field. Notre Dame from Paris is elfin charmer, Jeanette Remain, who proves lavish with her treasures. The up-tight Miss Katherine Hesterman loosens her tights for us, and lissom Leonora, the loner, seeks solace on a warm and sultry Caribbean strand.

HUMOUR

Sweet chastity is fine, Mike George tells his inquisitive Cyn, but only for cold knights. Mike and Cyn find they have to iron out a few problems when their love-making turns mediaeval. Meanwhile our specially selected after dinner jokes are there to speed the port around and our Carrie goes beyond the Pale.

INFORMERS

Mayfair's wine, women and song correspondent, the irrepressible Kenneth Dowd, lifts the lid off la Vie Parisienne with a unique portfolio of pneumatic delights, from motorised wife-swapping and an incredible hire-a-girl service to night clubs unparalleled in their randy riotousness. How obsessed are women with their own private parts? Quest talks to three girls who were made aware of their own extraordinary sensitivity.

FICTION

Britain invaded and one tradition-minded school left to stem the enemy tide provides the theme of Denis Kilcommon's War Games. Randy Rosalind Davies joins the dollies of all nations when she ventures on an extended excursion through the travel trade.

READER SERVICES

Get the Mayfairs you missed in our special back number offer; be a member of 400 top clubs with our unique club scheme; read our new books and see five centre girls live and nude in our film society.

CRITICS

Four's Company writes Donald Carroll in his new novel: Arthur Pottersman reviews the group sex scene. Burton's Bluebeard get the thumbs down from cinema reviewer David Quinlan.

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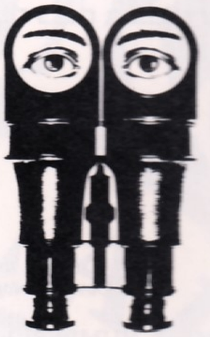

Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

Share with us the greatest month in *Mayfair's* history. We have just received details of sales figures from the independent Audit Bureau of Circulations. They are for the period July to December last year and they show that *Mayfair* had a fantastic new average sale in that period of 311,713 copies. That's some 40,000 copies per month up on the previous six months. But the real cause for celebration came when rival magazine *Penthouse* filed their figures. With an average sale of 301,815, they were ten thousand behind *Mayfair*. Wild whoops echoed down Chancery Lane as the champagne corks popped. For seven years we have been chasing the *Penthouse* sales figures and now at last we have taken the lead. It means that in the last six months we have sold more copies than any other man's magazine in Britain. You may be sure we shall make the most of that position. Freeze or no freeze you can look forward to some stupendous issues in the future. It's the least we can do to repay your support.

Ever been hearse-racing at horse park? Heard music from the bathroom at Pump? Seen that hit 'Vivat, Vivat, Vagina!' They're all 'bloopers' – broadcast howlers from radio and TV which veteran producer Kermit Schafer has assembled in a rib-tickling 30p Sphere paperback currently on the bookstalls. Our favourite comes from the actor on live television who told his buxom leading lady: 'Deborah darling, the dimples in your smile warms the cockles of my hard.'

Kenneth Dowd is recognised as one of London's leading experts on clubs and nightlife. Over the years he has been sharing his extensive knowledge with us through his regular Nightlife column in *Mayfair*. This month, however, he has changed his beat to the lesser known scenes of Paris by night. At the invitation of one of France's top twilight reporters he visited the fabled city, swept aside the well-known night spots and got right down to the nitty gritty – how to change partners, where to find the girls and how much to pay. His report, on page 26, will change your outlook on Paris in the Spring.

'The long styles are getting a bit shorter now, but the short-back-and-sides is fortunately dead and buried.' This is the opinion of Leonard Ludwin who runs one of the most fashionable men's 'salons' (the word 'hairdresser' will soon only be used in culinary circles) in the West End. Leonard is one of the men who sets the trend. And the trend now is moving from a functional clip to a luxury of pampering. His services include streaking (£8.40), curling and bending (£4.20), face-packs (£1.50), and manicures (53p). 'I recommend various conditioners and treatments,' Leonard says, 'and discuss any problem a client may have.' The days of the barber's shop being a social centre may be coming back.

The jangling of castanets and the tossing of titillating tassels from two Turkish belly dancers heralded the opening of a new restaurant in London's dockland recently. The restaurant, the New Marmara Odessa, somewhat reminiscent of the Beachcomber at the Mayfair Hotel, was built at a cost of £100,000. Irfan Hassan, the proprietor, clearly believes his Turkish food will bring Londoners out at night.

News has reached us from Dunsfold, Surrey, that Nina Warren-Phillips, who appeared in Vol. 7 No. 12, hasn't had to buy herself a drink in the local and has been given free horse riding and golf lessons since she bared herself to us all. Maybe we're romantics at heart, but it's nice to know our girls have happy endings.

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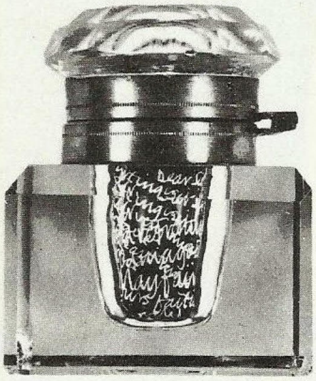
LETTERS



This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

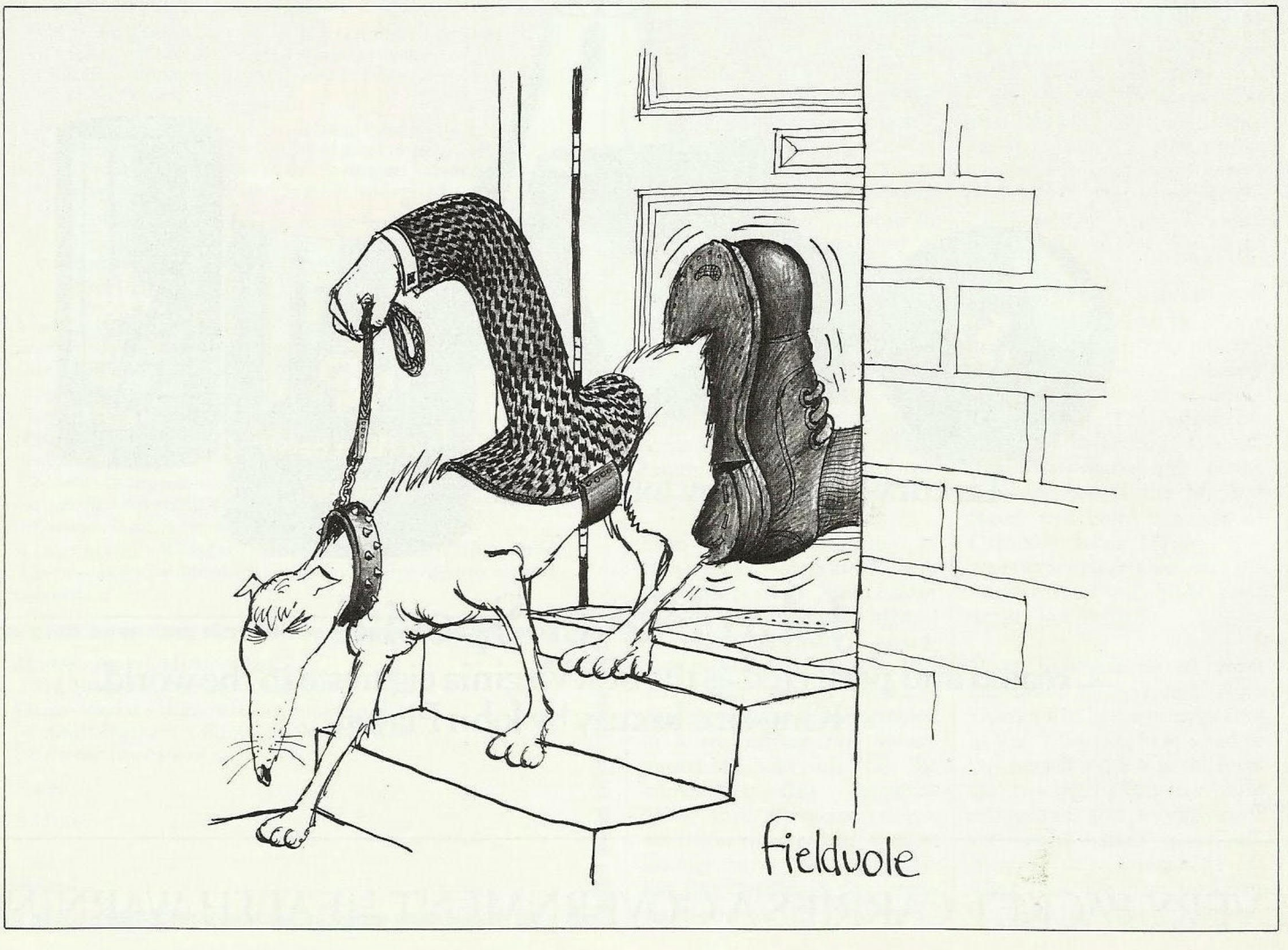
It was with some amazement that I read in a certain Sunday newspaper that your girl of the month (Vol 8 No 1), Lynne Roberts, had been sent to coventry by her workmates at an Exeter bank for her appearance in Mayfair.
What do her colleagues find disgusting in a perfectly natural, healthy human body? And if they get upset by magazines like Mayfair, what were they doing reading it? Personally I think Lynne is the best girl of the month I have seen in Mayfair for some time.
David Pike, King Alfred's College, Winchester

We've had lots of letters saying similar

Truth *is* stranger than fiction! Walking along Mortimer Street recently, I passed the Family Planning Association shop, which displayed great posters advertising a charity performance in aid of their funds – a pantomime entitled 'Babes in the Wood'!
R. S. Mullins, London N3

I read with some interest 'Valhalla for Rusty Heroes' (Vol. 8 No. 3). Mr Castle makes mention of the two Castle Class locomotives that have already been saved. But there is another one of this class scheduled for preservation. It is the 5080 Defiant, named after the Battle of Britain aircraft you featured in a recent issue. The cost of this locomotive is £4,000 and it has been preserved for the Great Western Locomotive and Carriage Society. There are a number of locomotives running round at this moment that came from a scrapyard and a good many more that soon will be. Defiant is just such a locomotive. There must be many people who remember the Defiants, even flew them perhaps, and would like to see the name perpetuated.
Recalling an earlier 'Scene' about the 'Champagne Specials' on the Dart Valley Railway, the Society has secured from the Museum of British Transport, a 1934 buffet car, which will be restored and operated on the Severn Valley Railway. The car became famous for the enormous quantities of Great Western whisky that were consumed therein. The whisky was, by all accounts, something very special, but it disappeared with nationalisation. Has the recipe been lost for good? The Society has also bought two Great Western restaurant cars which will be used not only in ordinary trains, but on special evening trains when the order of the day will be high quality food and drink.
Thank you for an excellent magazine. If the freeze does nothing else, it has given us a bloody good 30p's worth.
C. R. Jenkins, The Great Western Locomotive and Carriage Society, c/o 135 Fd Svy Sqn (V) London Road, Ewell, Surrey

Having led a somewhat sheltered life and having only recently become an avid fan of your fantastic magazine, I had no idea that a girl's pubic hair could be so individually distinctive. I had always assumed that quantity and distribution would be the same in every case and the colour would match exactly the hair on the head. Is this colour variation natural, or am I to assume from the photographs in your magazine that the majority of girls artificially colour the hair on their head? Apart from those girls who are obviously sporting various degrees of stubble growth due to shaving, I find the variations fascinating. I imagine it would be quite easy to recognise a girl just by looking at her crotch. I have also noticed (elsewhere) that the shaven pubes also offer amazing differences in appearance. May I, therefore, add a plea for you to show us a selection of both hairy and



shaven female organs in your magazine.
R. J. Church, Darlington

Confucius, he say, man can lead lovely lady to camera, but cannot make her depilate.

If any readers over forty fear for their declining virility they may be reassured by a recent experience of mine.
One very warm afternoon a girl some 23 years my junior and I decided to take time off work to enjoy the day. We drove out into the Warwickshire countryside and found a quiet secluded spot. Like most women, she was in a hurry to make the most of the sun and get well tanned, and it wasn't long before we were both in our underwear. Then, making sure there was no-one about, she suggested we sunbathe in the nude – something neither of us had ever done before. With the sun burning into our 'privates' and imagining the luscious body at my side I tried not to look, in case I lost control. Eventually, of course, I did, and the sight of her glistening pubic triangle roused me noticeably! My embarrassment was met with apparent flattery that she had roused me. She moved over towards me and we started to engage in love play, but as I was about to enter her I came. I wished the earth had opened up under me. By this time a small group of sheep had begun making their way over towards us to see what the fuss was all about, so we decided to call it a day. My friend suggested that we returned to her flat and there, even though there was no sun to rouse us, I didn't make the same mistake again. In fact I enjoyed satisfaction and fulfilment such as I had not known in years.
H.L.S., Hampton-in-Arden

So now, sheep may safely gaze . . .

Although I have taken your magazine for three years now, I never thought the day would come when I would be writing to you. But the story in Vol. 8 No. 2 by Mike George, called 'Sweet Sixteen', in which a young girl coaxes a much older man into taking her virginity, made me immediately think of a precious incident that happened to me last summer. I had gone to the local swimming baths with two of my children and the sixteen-year-old girl friend of my oldest daughter. I had known this girl all my life. She was the daughter of one of our neighbours. It was while we were in the bath that the first incident took place. She was trying to copy my daughter floating, which she could not seem to master, so I went to assist her. While trying to keep her afloat, my hand accidentally slipped on to her right breast. Of course I apologised and she assured me that it was all right. I felt so damned silly, for we both knew that it was an accident but, as I swam away, she gave me a teasing smile. After doing two lengths of the bath she called me over and said that she still couldn't get the hang of floating. So I began to assist her again and after a few moments it seemed that her hands were preoccupied in touching my body. Several times she put her hands on my chest, waist and back. The way she touched me sent messages to my brain leading me on to holding her right breast in my hand once again, but this time quite deliberately. I was more than surprised that she didn't resist my attention in any way, but allowed me to put both hands on her. As we were in a public bath, though, I soon had to stop. Afterwards, while I was dressing, I couldn't get her out of my mind.
The telephone rang at ten fifteen that night and I was surprised to find it was the young girl. She told me she was going to take the dog for a walk and asked if I would like to join her. I agreed and told my wife I was going to the pub for a quickie and some fags. I met her and we cuddled in my garage. Then she surprised me by asking me if I would take her virginity away for her. I was so dumbfounded that I stopped what I was doing and stood back from her. I asked her why me and not her boyfriend, who was a local lad. She told me that she was afraid of it happening with someone young and inexperienced, and she also said that she didn't want it to happen in a field or garage, but in a proper bed. After a little silence on my part, I held her hands and asked her if she could let me think about it for a few weeks, as there were a lot of things involved. We then went into another clinch

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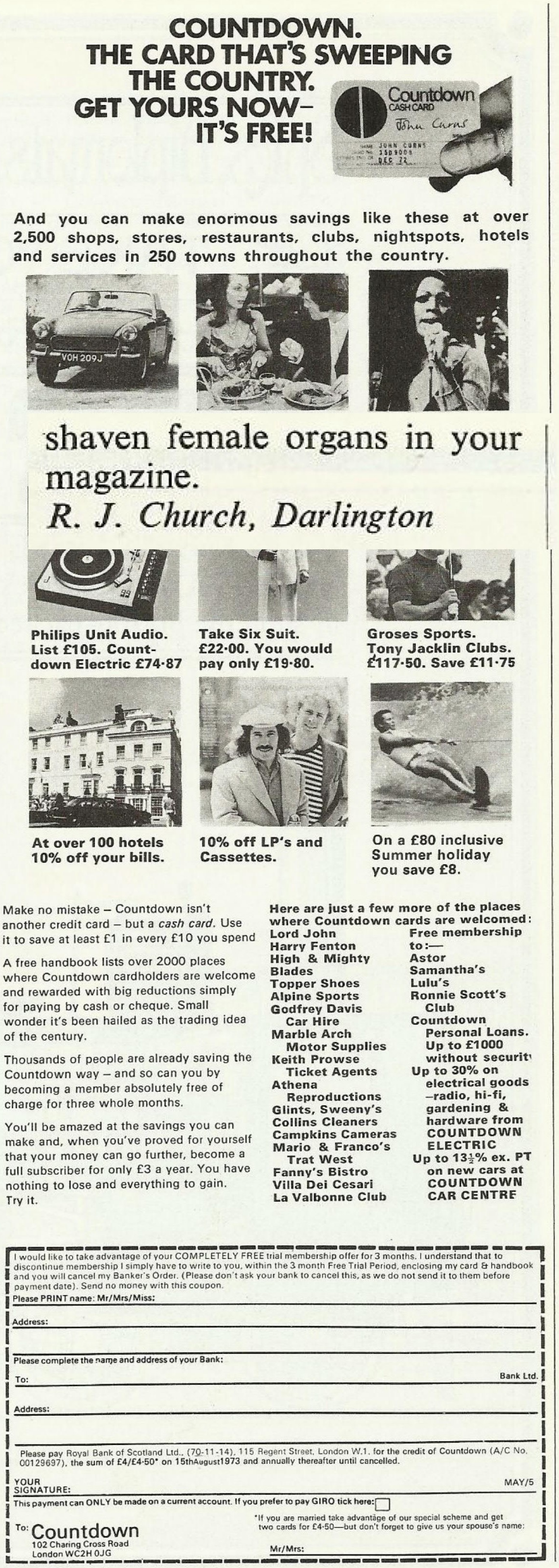

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shaven female organs in your magazine.
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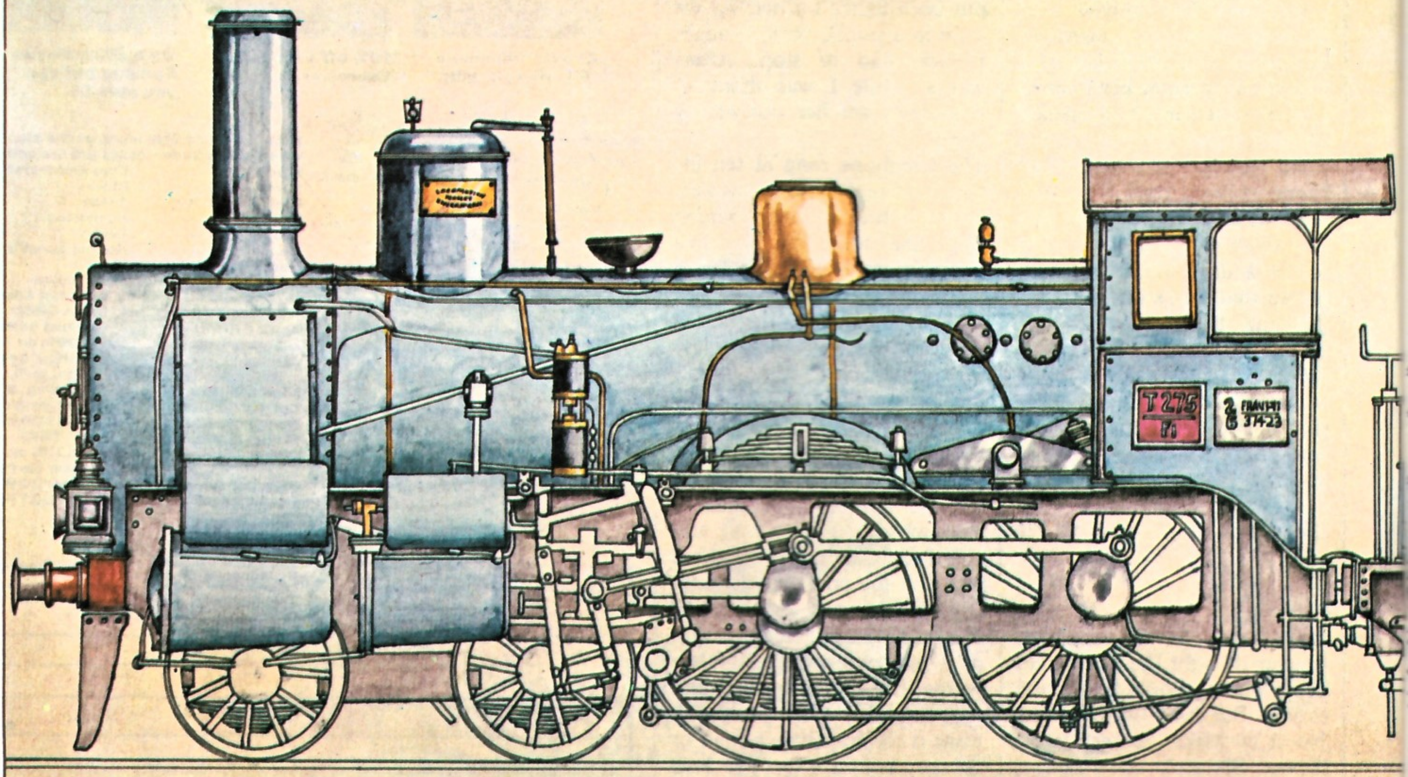
Spies, Diplomats, Courtesans, Kings

TAKE YOUR SEATS

For The

ORIENT EXPRESS

Samuel Westlake joins last century's international train-set on the luxury express that went West to East in supreme button-backed comfort, cholera permitting



The Hungarian four cylinder tandem compound engine that pulled the fabled train in 1890

If you have plenty of time to spare and a mind to tangle with endless red tape you can still take a train from London's grimy Victoria and, changing once in Paris, at least, travel on by rail to the edge of Asia; to the other world round the Sultan's Seraglio and the five hundred white-frosted mosques of old Istanbul.

Somewhere en route, deep in the bleeding heart of Europe, you may find an ageing railway servant who remembers when this was the odyssey of the world's most fabulous train: the Orient Express.

Sixteen years ago the last in a long line of illustrious literary passengers stepped aboard: 'James Bond gazed vaguely at one of the most romantic signs in the world . . . The great trains are going out, one by one, all over Europe but still, three times a week, the Orient Express thunders superbly over 1,400 miles of glittering steel track between Istanbul and Paris.'

So wrote Ian Fleming in *From Russia With Love*. But the writing was already on the engine shed wall and five years later, in May 1962, the Orient Express went out too, killed by petty international squabbles after 80 glorious years.

The royal blue and gold train, pride of the grandly titled *Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits et des Grands Express Européens,* was immortalised by writers from Graham Greene to Agatha Christie. Even D. H. Lawrence managed to mention a fictional journey. Just the name is evocative of intrigue and seduction; standing for all time for spies and sex. The true story is just as fantastic.

It begins in the golden European age, in the late 1860s, with an enterprising Belgian with the unlikely name of Georges Nagelmacker. He had seen how George Mortimer Pullman's parlour cars and Colonel William Mann's special boudoir cars had turned major American railroad journeys into gracious living on wheels.

By 1876, two years after Pullmans started rolling in England, Nagelmacker, safe by nationality from the dangers of the Franco-Prussian war which split the continent, registered his *compagnie* in Brussels.

But not until the war was finally over did he realise his dream. On Sunday, October 4, 1883, at a minute past seven in the evening, five luxurious coaches behind a powerful

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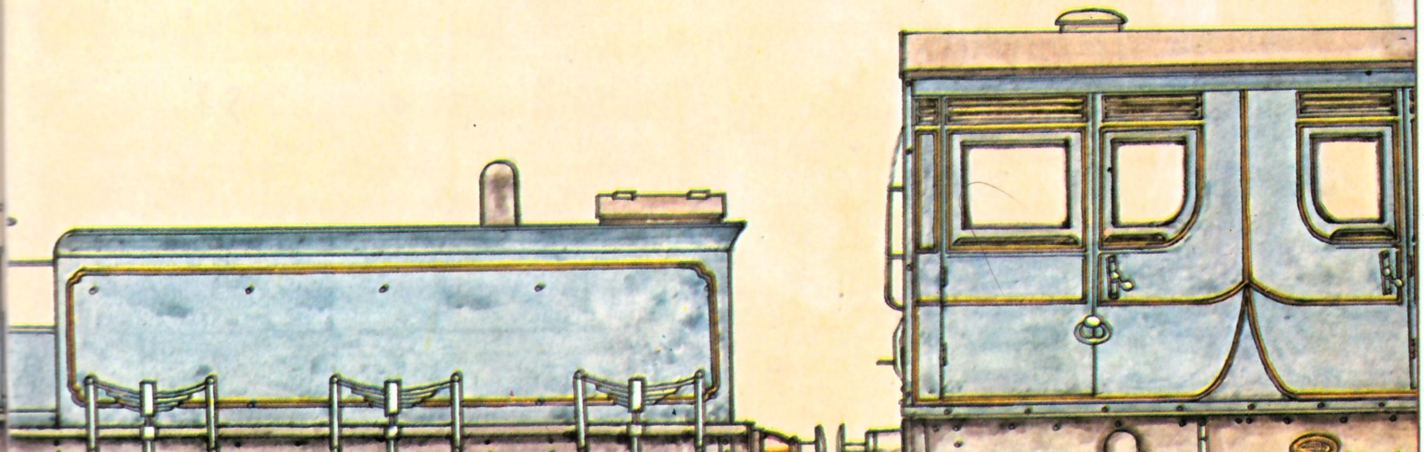

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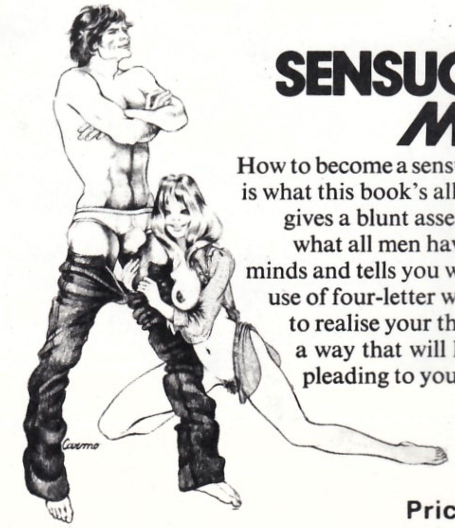
By their very explicitness, the pictures in this book will shock many. We do not wish to offend Book Club members and we warn purchasers of its revealing nature.

Price £2.65



THE SENSUOUS MAN

How to become a sensuous man is what this book's all about. It gives a blunt assessment of what all men have in their minds and tells you with much use of four-letter words how to realise your thoughts in a way that will have girls pleading to you for more

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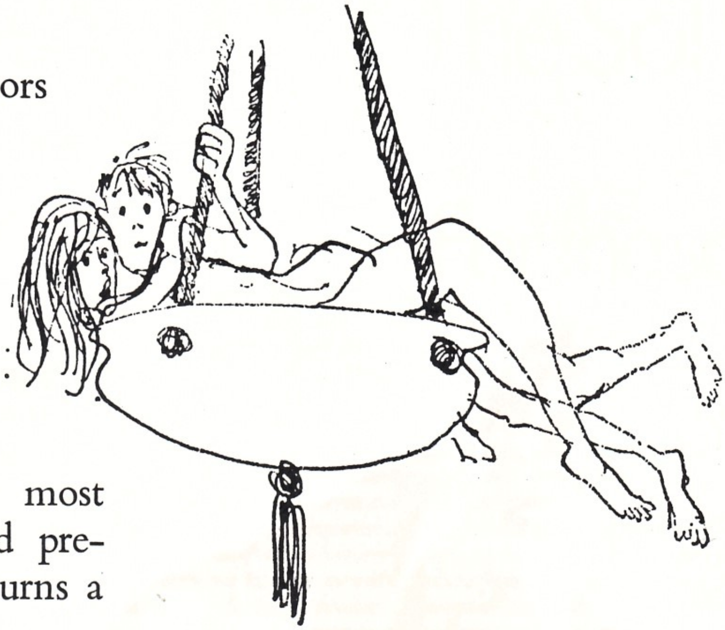

Are younger women the most sensual? How do you avoid premature ejaculation? What turns a *frigid* woman wild?

In this remarkably frank sequel to ABZ of Love and XYZ of Love, Danish sexologists Inge and Sten Hegeler use commonsense, humour and totally explicit drawings to show what makes for a happy and satisfying sex life. Beginning with a detailed account of the act of love itself, they go on to examine the achievement of sexual pleasure both within and without a close relationship. Their message is one of tolerance and mutual respect. All things are permissible, as long as one's partner or oneself is not harmed. Previously taboo subjects covered include aids to masturbation, best positions for oral sex and the use of a pubis ring. This book is a friendly and down-to-earth look at the peaks and pitfalls of sexuality. There are few men or women who will not derive lasting benefit in their sex lives after reading through its pages.

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M85

ORIENT EXPRESS

continued from page 9

2-4-0 engine pulled out of the Gare de l'Est on the first run which then ended with a voyage across the Bosphorus to Constantinople. Final details of the timetable negotiated with countries along the route, which was then nearly 1,800 miles, took two months and all Nagelmacker's considerable diplomatic skill.

There were no passports then but the resourceful Nagelmacker, who could conceive sweeping grand designs and concentrate on the minutest detail at the same time, provided his 40 invited VIP passengers with a special badge, a 'talisman', to show customs officials they were travellers on the Orient Express and not to be kept waiting.

There was just one proviso to the running of the train. The timetable stated – in very, very small print – 'cholera permitting.'

Among the passengers were Turkish diplomats, senior French civil servants, an Austrian arch-duke and his duchess and a novelist. Her Britannic Majesty Queen Victoria was represented by, needless to say, *The Times*, in the portly and self-opinionated shape of Henri Stefan Opper de Blowitz, its Paris correspondent. He wrote: 'The landscape flies at your feet, the streams seem to flow beneath the wheels, villages and houses shine like morning stars and from your *Rue de la Paix* you can see the minuscule population of a little world.' Lofty stuff from a lofty man on an even loftier train.

On that first run were many tastes of future delights:

Haute cuisine throughout the 90 hour journey from a menu handwritten in French and Greek . . .

An omnipotent *chef du train*, dressed in blue like the train and lording it over the ordinary brown-jacketed staff. Basically he was just a railway guard but one who understood diplomacy in its halcyon days and spoke six languages himself . . .

A Hungarian gypsy band which played for impromptu dancing in the dining car on a 100 mile stretch . . .

A stopover for an audience with King Carol of Rumania and his Hohenzollern queen who received all the dishevelled travellers in the sumptuous, and brand new, winter palace . . .

Numerous off-train excursions including a conducted tour through the Transylvanian mountains after a six am breakfast of tea and fresh caviar sandwiches.

The route then lay through the glittering centres of European high-life; Strasbourg, Munich, Linz, Vienna, Budapest and Bucharest, then down to the Bulgarian coast and on by steamer to Constantinople and the court of Sultan Abdul Hamid II. He was so impressed he not only gave de Blowitz a rare interview but also invested him with the even rarer Order of Medjidie (Second Class).

By 1889 the journey was by rail throughout. And so it remained until the First World War.

The amazing, but true stories, began to circulate:

How high-class prostitutes travelled the train to comfort the lonely . . .

How once a train was stopped at a remote Balkans station, passports checked and one unhappy passenger hauled off by military police. It turned out that it was the stationmaster's birthday and he was just looking for a fellow Virgo, or whatever it was, with whom to celebrate. The train was made half an hour late by the downing of innumerable birthday toasts . . .

How one spy wrote down Turkish troop movements as notes of music. He came perilously close to the firing squad when suspicious border police handed the 'tune' to a musical railway porter and told him to play it. The reluctant pianist decided it was beyond him, dismissed it as 'this modern stuff' and the spy who wrote musical nonsense travelled on as a composing genius . . .

How the most regular passengers were Queen Victoria's messengers, who started globe-trotting for the English Monarch in 1854 and are still at it today, with their silver greyhound badges and special red passports to avoid any let or hindrance. Most of them handcuffed themselves to the leather diplomatic pouches for the journey . . .

How a brother of the Baroness Orczy, famous as the creator of The Scarlet Pimpernel, delayed the express for two hours while he took breakfast with the stationmaster on his Transylvanian estate before seeing his nephew off on the long trip to Harrow . . .

In 1914 all that stopped. The gay life of the social set was shot to pieces at Sarajevo and their fellow travellers, the spies and diplomats, were too busy to go for a ride, even on the Orient Express.

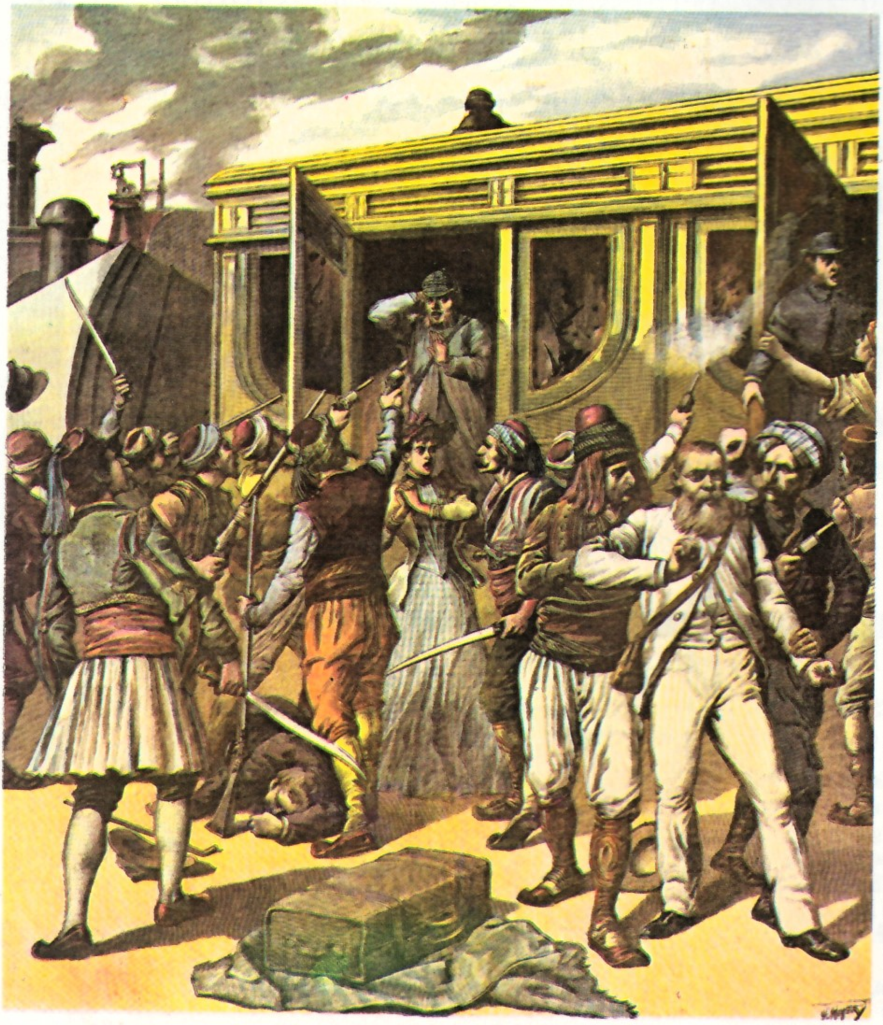
The cars of the *Compagnie des Wagons-Lits* were towed into storage all over Europe. Except Car 2419 which served on Marshal Foch's headquarters train and was rolled into a siding at Compiègne Forest near Paris in 1918. There, amidst the faded pink and gold glory of the diner, the German surrender was signed.

Hitler used the same car, at almost the same spot, in June 1940. But that time it was the French who surrendered.

The Car 2419 was taken to Berlin where it somehow escaped allied bombing of three stations in three nights, only to be blown up by the SS on Adolf Hitler's personal orders.

The Orient Express is the only train ever to have figured in peace talks. The treaty of Versailles in 1919 specifically said that

turn to page 86



No-one was killed on the Orient Express but there were many tales of foreign brigandry

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LETTERS

continued from page 7

and this time she let me put my hands in her knickers and feel her. She had a lovely thick bush, and I rubbed her till she had a climax. Then we went home with me promising not to let her down.

All the next day she was on my mind. At lunchtime I met a mate of mine in a pub and told him what had happened – not mentioning who the girl was. He immediately suggested going to a motel eight miles away. That night I met her again and she agreed to this plan. So two days later, in the afternoon, we were safely in one of the chalets at the motel. She undressed in the bathroom and then crept into bed holding her clothes in front of her. I turned my back on her and took off my clothes. When I got into bed she was lying on her side, facing away from me. She was obviously quite nervous. I held her closely to me for quite some time without moving except to gently play with her breasts. I asked her if she had changed her mind and she quietly said 'No'. I moved her on to her back and began to rouse her. Her fears soon left her and I went into her quickly, but not too forcefully, holding her tightly as we coupled together. We made love three times that afternoon. She had the loveliest young body I have seen and she walked about exposing it to me fully. When the time came for us to go I knew we would never have sex together again. She is probably doing it regularly now with her boyfriend, who is a nice lad. All I get is a cheery smile and a wave from her each time I see her. I've thought about it a lot over the past months, and I realise just what a super girl she is.

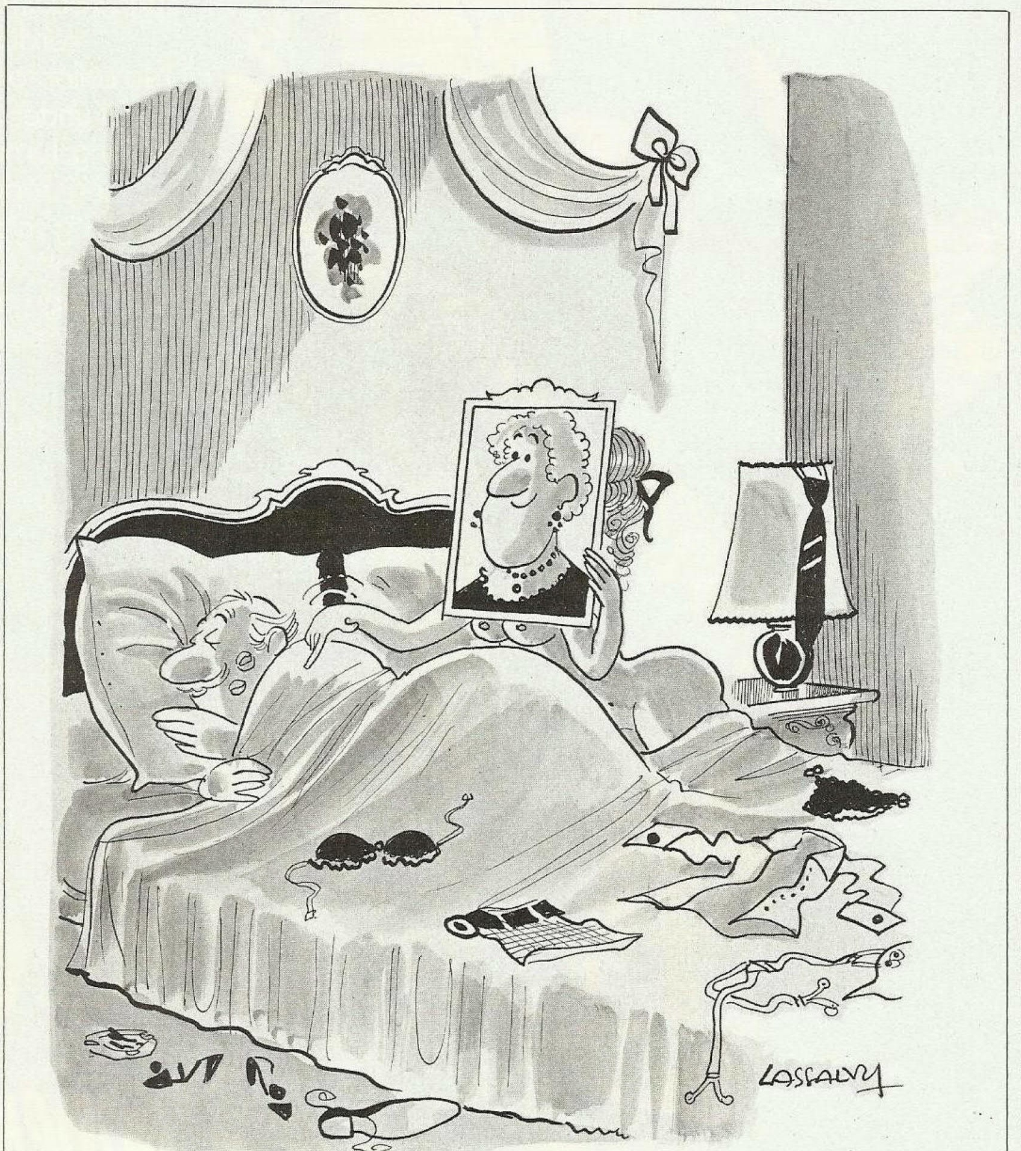
D.S., Uxbridge, Middlesex

With Vol 8 No 1 you have excelled yourselves in giving due prominence to the female posterior. It is a most delectable issue, and I, for one, thank you on behalf of the many rump fanciers.

In page order, there's the unnamed calendar shot, then there's the provocative, 'don't bend over' pose of Celeste, three luscious views of Lynne, one of which is reminiscent of the sensational Kathryn Maynard shot in *The Sunday Times*, the ravishing rear of Amanda – truly the living end! – and, of course, the leggy, full reared Carrie. Please keep the high standard with more 'low views'.

J.L., Saskatchewan, Canada

Could it be that you're a Rear Admiral?



May I support Dr Essex (Vol. 8 No. 3) in his appeal for pictures and anecdotes of girls in the equus role? Carrie in fact would I am sure perform splendidly on all fours – she is just the build – and could probably take a light weight jockey, male or female, without undue discomfort. Riding girls pick-a-back or caparisoned on their hands and knees has many devotees in Switzerland, where I come from, and provides an excellent stimulation and preamble for more serious matters.

W. Muller, Ely

I was very pleased to read the article on model traction engines in Vol. 7, No. 12 and the photographs were superb. However, I would like to point out one small error in an otherwise excellent article. Towards the end mention is made of a ¾ inch scale model engine with a double acting cylinder. True, it had a double acting cylinder, as have all steam reciprocating engines with very few exceptions, but what the author was describing was a compound engine. With this, as he correctly stated, steam is first admitted to the high pressure cylinder, allowed to expand, and then at the end of the stroke is exhausted to the low pressure cylinder which is larger to accommodate the greater volume of steam. A double acting cylinder is one in which the steam is first admitted to the top of the piston, then 180 degrees later to the underside of the piston, with a certain degree of cut-off (the amount by which steam is shut off before the end of the stroke). In both cases this allows the expansive properties of the steam to be used efficiently. A small mistake but one which, as an engineer, hit me right between the eyes.

Andrew R. L. Crooke, Third Engineer Officer, SS Hemiglypta

I am at present a nurse at the Royal Infirmary and I would like to inform readers of the possible dangers of fellatio. I was on night duty one Saturday night whilst working in one of the London hospitals' casualty wards when an emergency case was carried into one of the cubicles. The patient was a gentleman aged about 35 and he was in terrible agony. The reason for this was plain

turn to page 91

SENSATIONAL EXOTICWEAR BY KESMAN

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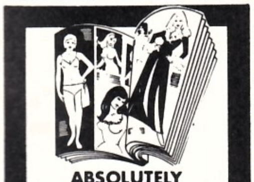

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'What the bloody hell do you think you're all playing at?' said Lacey. 'Those aren't school cadet manoeuvres taking place out there. It's a real-life bloody war.'

WAR GAMES

Fiction by Denis Kilcommons

Troops had been crossing the bridge all morning. Not in the regimented lines of peacetime but in scattered scrappy groups, often un-officered and mostly unconcerned about their comrades still fighting at the fluctuant front behind them.

Those on foot jog-trotted along, stumbling now and then with the weight of packs and weapons, some nursing bloodied bandages on arms or chest instead of guns. They were all walking wounded, for those that did not brandish bullet holes in the flesh carried defeat in their eyes.

Lorries carrying loads of floppy-limbed men also heaved along the road and over the bridge, their gears stuck in first or second, and their exhausts gasping clouds

Alan Cracknell

of asthmatic fumes on to those they passed as they lurched towards medical posts that were never as near as they should be.

Solitary jeeps and staff cars occasionally went by as well, transporting hot foot officers with brooding faces to places of safety where they could wait to re-form the troops that made the retreat.

As the time passed the flow of men lessened until there were long gaps of waiting minutes before straggling matchstick figures grew larger, were identified, and straggled on.

At last the road was empty. The landscape was clean of people and had only the heavy slate grey clouds for company. They hung like shell bursts over the deep green hillsides that sprouted forests beyond the boundary of the school grounds. In the distance guns rumbled.

Gerald Lacey turned away from the window and viewed the equal emptiness of the staff room, a radio vying in muted tones with the far away thunderclaps of war. A BBC voice was explaining the evacuation of the Royal Family to Canada and the movement of the government to the north. It went on in controlled nuances to explain the strategic retreat of British troops north of London. Lacey smiled and turned it off.

'I'm posturing already,' he thought, and walked towards the tiny corner he had been allocated as first term junior master on arrival at Chenstow Public School three months before.

He picked up his briefcase and took a last look round. The nooks and crannies that had housed the other masters held a naked emptiness as if they knew they had been abandoned for good. It seemed shameful after so many years.

'They should have donned their chain-mail and laid-to for siege,' he told the room. 'They damn well would have in the past.'

He resisted the urge to skip across the sanctified floor and realised he was getting light headed. A louder rumble from the south composed his senses and he felt for the assurance of his car keys in his pocket. He got to the door and looked round the room again. He told it: 'Anyway, we all run in the end old love.'

He closed the door quietly so as not to disturb the slumbering souls of 350 years and headed for the stairs. His steps echoed oddly through the empty building. He went down the stone stairway and the echoes seemed strangely out of step. He stopped but the echoes didn't.

He went briefly cold before realising that history was not haunting him and that someone else was in the building. He resumed his descent but before he reached ground level a figure appeared from the gloom of the east wing corridor.

'Lacey?' it challenged. 'What on earth are you doing here?'

Lacey smiled in embarrassment as he approached the tall straight-backed figure, slightly ashamed of his presumptions of desertion.

'Hello headmaster. I'm just collecting the last of my things. I didn't know anyone else was still about.'

He wanted to shuffle his feet and straighten his tie but, as always, it seemed disrespectful to even breathe in the presence of Mr Newgate.

Lacey asked, 'Am I the last?'

The headmaster looked through him before answering.

'If you mean to leave, yes, you are. Some of us, of course, are not leaving.'

There seemed no point in carrying the conversation any further. Lacey could appreciate the headmaster's wish to remain but he had no such personal clinging loyalty. He just wanted to leave, and now that he had been delayed, the sooner he left the better.

The headmaster looked directly at him and must have sensed the discomfort but remained at attention as if daring Lacey to speak the cowardice he knew he felt.

Lacey managed a mumble. 'Well . . .' he lifted the briefcase, 'I have my things . . ' Time was pushing him on now and the effort came from a ridiculous feeling of being trapped. 'I must be going now headmaster.'

Mr Newgate maintained his stare and Lacey said with desperate inadequacy, 'Well, good luck.'

He turned and started for the main entrance and Mr Newgate called after him, 'Mind the sandbags.' Lacey lifted an arm in acknowledgement before wondering 'What bloody sandbags?'

He found them on the front steps of the school. They were neatly constructed in a three foot high crescent to provide cover for a machine gun and its crew. The crew were two fourth form boys in army cadet uniform. They were called Jenkins and Wesker and were 15 years old.

'Hello Mr Lacey,' Jenkins smiled as he manipulated some intricacy of the gun. 'Just off then?'

He made it sound as if Lacey was nipping into the village for a pint.

Wesker also smiled but the worry in his eyes was already lining his face. He hauled an open box of ammunition into position as if he didn't really believe it.

Surgical Requisites

'Have you got such a thing as a pair of black, see-through sunglasses?'

Lacey regained his voice. 'What the hell are you doing?'

Jenkins continued his manipulations as he answered. 'Defensive positions sir. We are covering the retreat and holding the bridge against the enemy.' He looked up and grinned again. 'They need that bridge sir, the river is too wide for them to cross in safety.'

Lacey looked across the stretch of open lawn that dipped away from the front of the school to a low wall. Beyond it he could see the bridge.

'You're out of your minds, you won't last ten minutes.'

Jenkins said, 'Oh, I don't know sir. We're pretty well dug in. And every minutes does count for our chaps.'

Lacey was appalled. 'Who's in charge?'

Jenkins said, 'Captain Walton. At HQ.'

He looked at the boy blankly before realising he meant cadet headquarters. He squeezed round the side of the emplacement and made towards the single storey brick building at the end of the east wing. The building had been purpose-built as offices, briefing rooms and store rooms for the school's cadet force and had a tarmacadam parade ground alongside it. Lacey had often smiled indulgently at the cardboard figure of Captain Walton and his officers strutting across the square and putting the cadets through their paces.

Now he was not smiling and the anger was welling up inside him. It became stronger as he neared the building and saw armed, uniformed boys running across the lawn, scrambling over the wall and crossing the road to join other youthful figures digging in at the crest of the roadside brow.

He reached the building and went round to the rear. Outside the main office four marine cadets in blue uniforms stood quietly smoking, rifles on straps over their shoulders. Their turn-out was as immaculate as the elite marine force demanded for Sunday parade. The huge rounded policeman-toes of their heavy boots gleamed and their buttons shone. Only the cigarettes were out of character, but after all it was war time, Lacey told himself bitterly.

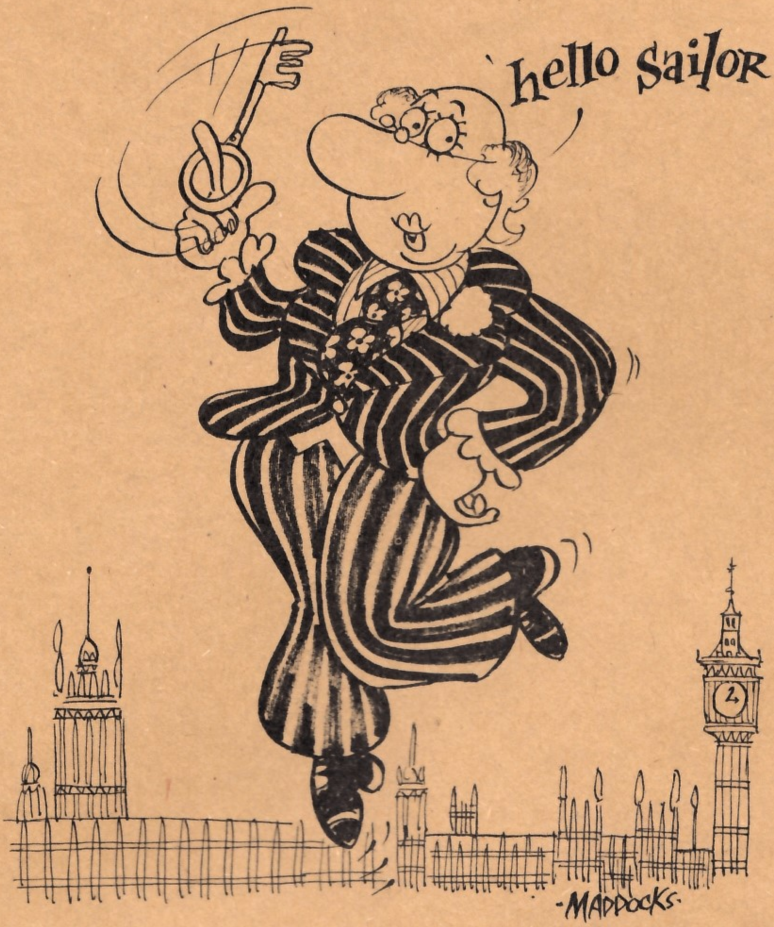
He identified the youths as Myers, Elton, Roscoe and Evans. Myers was 16, Elton and Roscoe 15, and Evans 14 years old and just five feet tall.

Lacey banged open the door of the office and went in. Captain Walton sat behind his desk looking at a map. A 17-year-old marine sergeant stood to the left and one pace back. The walls were covered with home framed diplomas and local newspaper photographs of cadets on parade, being inspected, being presented with Duke of Edinburgh Awards, as well as with studied portraits of Walton himself in dress uniform.

Lacey thought the whole thing looked as if it were posed for a magazine cover story. The immensity of the folly appalled him and as Walton looked up he yelled, 'What the bloody hell do you think you're playing at? Those aren't manoeuvres out there. It's a bloody war man. People are getting killed.'

He lost words. But Walton, unmoved,

turn to page 66


hello sailor
2
MADDOCKS

The benches were crowded to see the Queen open Parliament

Parliamentary Procedures

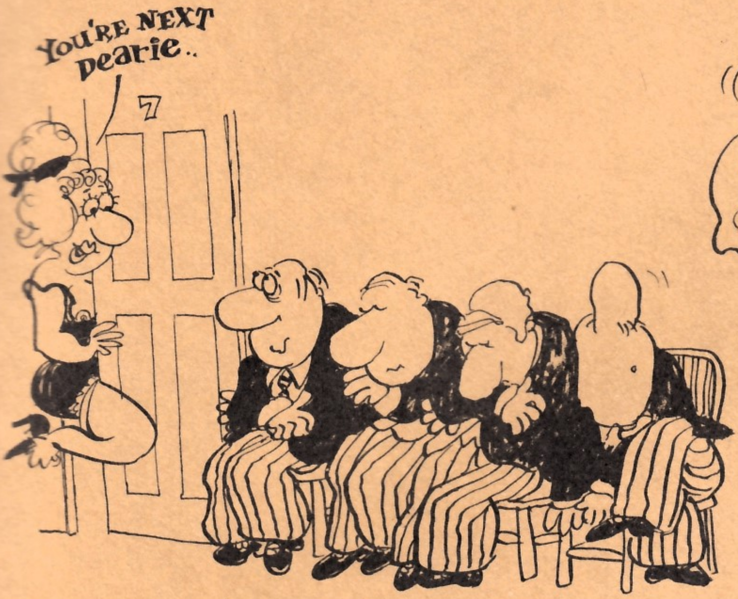
Peter Maddocks turns his wily mind loose on some of those hallowed phrases that pepper Parliamentary reports

The minister announced a probe on the Government's new white paper

A government spokesman admitted that an elderly member was expected to down stand

At this point the debate was interrupted by uproar from the back benches

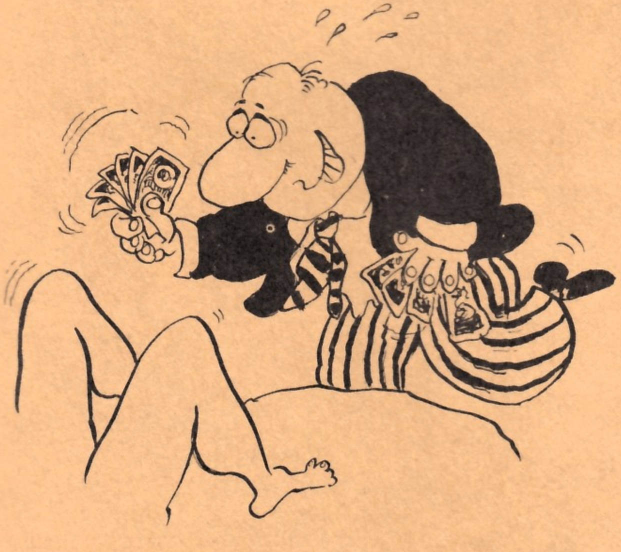
Members were summoned to the House by the Chief Whip


YOU'RE NEXT Dearie..
7

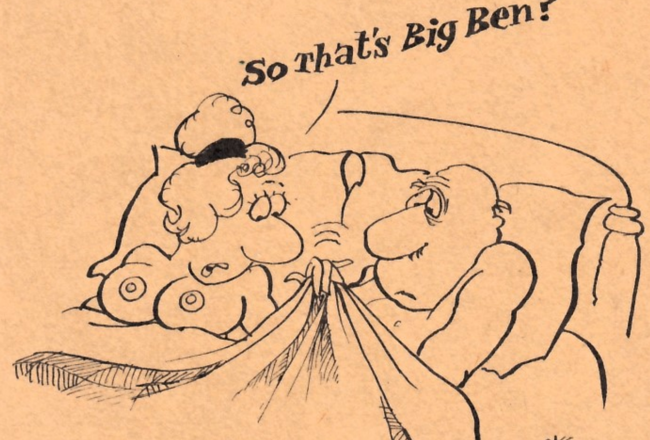
The House is expected to sit for the remainder of the night

SEX
GO TO IT BILL!

The Opposition demanded a show of hands on the proposed Pornography Bill



Due to Treasury action, the gap had widened


So that's Big Ben?
MADDOCKS.

The House rose later than anticipated

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

If any patent pill pusher tried to peddle his products by promising patrons an erotic supercharger guaranteed to re-invigorate their sex lives, improve emotional relations with their spouses, put a stop to marital jealousies and help them discover a whole lot of lovely new truths about themselves, I'd take odds that he'd be given short shrift. Even the least sexual unsophisticate would know better than to listen to that sort of thing – why, next they'll be selling powdered rhinoceros horn in Petticoat Lane!

Now, however, old timer Donald Carroll (he's been around) has a story to tell of a miracle 'product' for which just such stupendous, not to say appetising claims have been made. Where can you buy it? Well, it's not quite as simple as that. Who invented it? Seems it was always around, just waiting for somebody to realise its potential. Do they advertise it on the telly? Not on your nelly. So – what is it? In a phrase: *group sex*.

Donald Carroll has produced a study-in-depth of a couple, sex-pseudonymed (if that's the genital equivalent of a pen-name) Nicholas and Polly, who went, indeed, still go in for group sex in a particularly intense way. To assist with the input of veracity, he's tape-recorded it all in the form of interviews with the happy pair, and called it **Four's Company** (Talmy Franklin, £1.90).

Nicholas and Polly are a perfectly ordinary, happy, likeable twosome. He's a well-known novelist (it says here) and she's an art historian. They used to make love excitedly – talking a great deal by way of stimulation – and they'd already tried a great many different things in bed together, alone, as it were. Nicholas used to look at girls a lot, without necessarily chasing them. Polly used to torment herself (and irritate him) with a kind of painstaking, search-your-pockets jealousy.

Then, by the process of a couple of chance chats and a look through one of those 'meet friends' magazines, they found the wonderful elixir: group sex. This is how their first encounter worked:

First the other girl sat on the other man's lap to kiss and cuddle. He put his hand inside her see-through blouse and then up her short skirt. She moaned and groaned. Then Nicholas and Polly followed suit. Then they all went into the bedroom where the girls undressed each other, and the men undressed themselves, with one bizarre detail – the other man kept his long black socks on all the time.

First he made love to Polly while Nicholas made love to the other girl, Suzie – 'very expert, very exciting,' he recalls. Polly watched, with increasing excitement, and then they changed back to their own partners for a time. And then Suzie made love to Polly:

'Really incredible,' she reported. 'I had never touched a girl before, except for the odd kiss on the cheek, and now there was this lovely girl kissing me and playing with my breasts. And I was loving it. She was so soft, so gentle, I kept thinking she would collapse in my arms. But she was obviously very experienced. I didn't do anything except kiss her back when she kissed me, and rather tentatively stroked her spine. I didn't know what to do. Then she moved down between my legs . . . It was sheer bliss.' Nicholas commented: 'It *was* beautiful . . . There's nothing more beautiful than two girls together making love.'

For weeks afterwards Nicholas and Polly reverted to a passionate monogamous relationship. At parties, for example, they'd compare notes on other people there without ever approaching them – but getting so excited that on the way home in their car, Polly records, 'we'd get so worked up talking about it that I'd invariably end up doing something about it. Not that passion was everything. Nicholas insists that love is the vital factor - if a married couple don't love each other to begin with, then group sex won't do them much good in depth at all. Nice to think that a bit of good old-fashioned Barbara Cartland adoration still has its place in our permissive times.

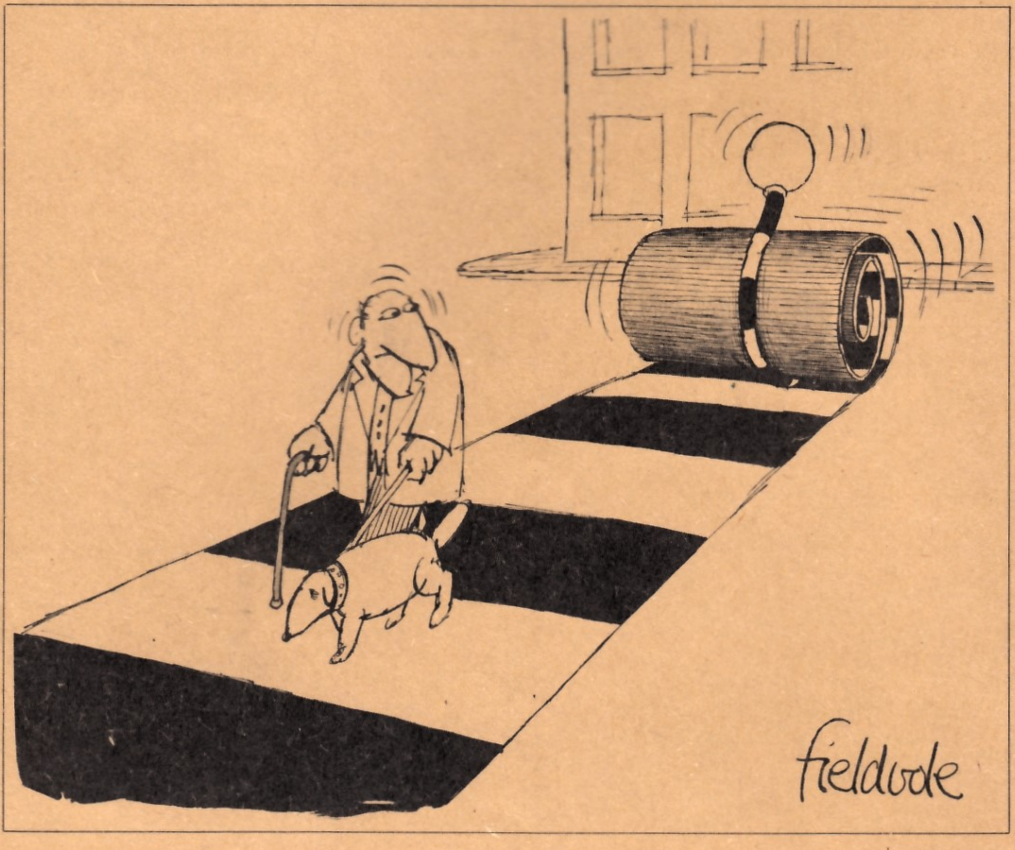
And, of course, the path of true group sex may not always run smooth. There are yarns like the one about the chap who liked to dress up in complete frogman's kit and just watch his wife in bed with another couple. (I never realised the bends could be as kinky as that.) Or the girl who wore a demure high-necked blouse and long skirt – with no back at all, just a bare bum sticking out.

But real, true group sex itself (and Nicholas and Polly always insist that they've all got to be in one room together for it to be meaningful or, indeed, effective) can be more intense than anything on earth.

Polly: 'It's almost wrong to say "couples". It's all bodies, isn't it? It's all bodies and legs and arms and mouths.'

Nicholas: 'Yes. Although my penis is inside the other girl, my hands may be stroking Polly's breasts, my lips may be kissing her or Polly, or both simultaneously – and a three-way kiss is an experience in itself. Or the two girls may find themselves kissing. Anyway, very soon there's such a mêlée of bodies and hands and breasts and legs and shoulders and knees and everything else that it's impossible to sort out who belongs to what. And that in itself is very exciting. Then eventually we all finish for the time being. And by that I don't necessarily mean that we all reach orgasm. Some of us may, while others may not. It varies enormously. The last time I was in bed in this situation, the woman led me to believe that she came five times before I came. And whether she was just flattering me or not, she certainly appeared to come five times.'

Experiencing the kind of totally erotic haze described here need not preclude detailed, nay, anatomical recollection after-



A couple of randy country lovers about to bang on a drum in a scene from 'The Swiss Trip'. The film is a story of five kids who invest in a bus to adventure through Europe. But diminishing circumstances eventually leads them to compromise their love.

wards. Polly recalled Nicholas and a man friend sitting on her bed, all three of them having a boozy chat, the men coming to discuss nipples and proving their points by each of them stroking one of Polly's until she was, in her own words, 'so wet I can hardly stand it.' They all get undressed and into bed and make love every whichway.

Polly and Nicholas then describe in earnest detail the delight and joys of their jigsaw puzzle bodies.

This candid couple concede in the course of their 'I'll-be-frank-if-you'll-be-glad routine with Donald Carroll that threesomes with girls proved more satisfactory and hence were more common. That, somehow, intimates a flaw in the versimilitude to me.

A particularly satisfying scene for Polly involved a bondage routine, normally – or do I mean abnormally? – not so appealing to her. Nicholas reckoned that it was the first time she ever actually reached orgasm in a group situation. The other three roped Polly to the bed while they got on making their own scene – a brass bed, of course, and Polly's wrists and ankles tied to each of the corners. 'Then the three of them started caressing me, kissing me, touching me, sucking me, licking me. Which was marvellous, because I was incapable of doing anything. I felt absolutely a victim, an object, just a piece of flesh to be used, which I find very exciting. And I came.'

In fact being handcuffed first and then plunged into, entered, penetrated proved confusing, painful, and extraordinarily exciting to Polly. It's an aberration, she offers, questioningly.

Not quite, dear, I thought, though the way Donald Carroll records you talking about it *may* be.

They say it's the beginning of the real revolution, all this group sex . . . once a man concedes that he doesn't own the private parts of his wife, then private property must be on the way out.

Only thing is, seems a man's wife doesn't own her own private parts either. Nor yet the man, does he own his. Quite how the image described in this revolutionary of a book, of Polly entered by a man from behind and then propelled around the room by the rear-thrusting fellow, quite how that relates to revolution I find it hard to say.

Except, perhaps, that the wheels of a wheelbarrow go round. Revolve. Rotate. Circulate. Chase their tail.

Oh well, never mind. I'll tell you one thing though: All this 'Now he's in me, now he's not' routine suggests a whole new meaning to the old saying 'Box and Cocks.'

Are you trying to teach me how to spell? group sex off!

FILMS

David Quinlan

Bluebeard (X) is, I suppose, what you would call high Gothic camp. Richard Burton plays not the Landru or Gilles de Retz of history but, would you credit it, a fictional Austrian aristocrat with a blue-tinted beard, who does away with six wives, sundry hangers-on and a cat.

There's an enormous amount of breast-baring – or an amount of enormous breast-baring – as the women try to turn our hero on. But he, sterile soul, remains singularly aloof, apart from struggling with some unspeakable dialogue and disposing stoically of his victims.

One bride (Nathalie Delon), despairing of her own wiles – although anyone who calls her breasts 'Jasmine' and 'Cyclamen' deserves what she gets in my book – calls in a prostitute (Sybil Danning) to teach her the art of seduction. Off come shoes, dress, bra and pants for the art of stripping to charge up a man's dynamo; then again, as the prostitute strips with her to show her the way. A demonstration kiss is followed by another and breast rubs against breast as Mlle Delon falls into the way of lesbianism. Finding the couple on the floor naked, but for their stockings, Bluebeard Burton brings down his rhinoceros-horn chandelier on them and through them.

The period for all these goings-on is supposedly late 'twenties/early 'thirties, yet the girls all wear up-to-date dresses, underwear and hairstyles. The acting ranges from poor – Burton, Raquel Welch – to terrible – Joey Heatherton, the heroine. With, say, an Italian actor in the lead, it might be any continental sex film. Fine for a girl-starved male, perhaps, but I can't help thinking Burton fans are going to demand something much more.

Graham Greene novels are infrequent visitors to the cinema. The computer research boys have the idea that the general public doesn't like him. **England Made Me** (X), despite its sexual frankness and 'in' setting – Hitler's Germany, 1935 – makes it easy to see why. The action is as cold and grey as the industrialist (Peter Finch) who is anxious to preserve his empire at all costs.

The costs may include a marriage to the English girl (Hildegard Neil, a shade too dispassionate) who is his strong right hand, and the possible dispatch of her worthless drifter brother (Michael York), for whom she nurses an incestuous desire.

There isn't an awful lot to the film and, like most of its characters, it's a wee bit dull. Even an orgy scene by the industrialist's lakeside villa is permeated by a Teutonic flavour that reduces its erotic impact.

But Michael Hordern contributes an amusing cameo of a pennilessly seedy reporter, and Michael York turns in his best screen work to date as the shiftless Tony. Occasionally continuity slips and awful colour tends to mar the beautiful period feel which is obtained from the opening scenes. I still think it's worth another try on the works of Mr Greene. Our Man in Havana was a sparkling success. But then it had Alec Guinness and Greene's own dialogue. The trouble with England Made Me is that everything about it, even the best of its acting, is a shade too deliberate.

There's more poor colour work in **Across 110th Street** (X), which is probably the nastiest dose of Mafia yet. Grisly rather than gory, its routine storyline tells of three men who steal the loot from a bank job and are tracked down by the Mafia, led by Anthony Franciosa, the police, led by Anthony Quinn, and black Harlem gangsters.

The four-letter words, gore and girls flow with a will, without marked effect. But the direction by Barry Shear is above average, feverishly tracking the participants in the bloody climax, and giving the film a lift it barely deserves. Faint hearts may be glad to know that about 20 seconds have been cut out of the film's notorious castration-crucifixion scene.

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Rick Wakeman, keyboard player with 'Yes', has made his first solo album **The Six Wives of Henry VIII** (A & M 64361). Rick plays eleven different keyboard instruments, including piano, harpsichord, moog, organ and mellotron. He has carefully selected various session musicians to suit the exact mood of each track. The album is a musical interpretation of the characteristics of the wives of Henry VIII. Katherine Howard is demure and delicate, and in complete contrast Katherine Parr is aggressive and powerful. Rick uses the keyboard instruments skilfully to provide an orchestral feel and create a 16th century atmosphere.

Solid Air (Island ILPS 9226) is John Martyn's latest album. He is a sensitive and accomplished guitarist with a lot of feeling and a certain stylistic thrust. As you listen to his music you become aware of his natural and genuine character. This is not an album designed specially for commercial success, it's a creative artist expressing his own intentions, images and feelings. His supporting musicians do an excellent job and Danny Thomson's double bass is a pleasure to hear.

It seems a long time since the last album from Argent. Their new one **In Deep** (Epic 65475) is well worth the wait. Argent have a happy knack of combining brilliant virtuosity with heavy, commercial sounds. The opening track (and their latest single) 'God gave rock and roll to you', is quite the best rock track I have heard this year. Jim Rodford's bass and Bob Hendrit on drums give this, and indeed all of the tracks, a superbly solid and satisfying foundation on which Rod Argent's wild organ sounds fit beautifully. Russ Ballard's distinctive vocals and effortless, raunchy guitar rounds off what is surely one of the most satisfying group sounds currently on record (and incidentally, the quality of recording and stereo separation is quite superb). You have gathered, I hope, that I like this album. I do, I do.

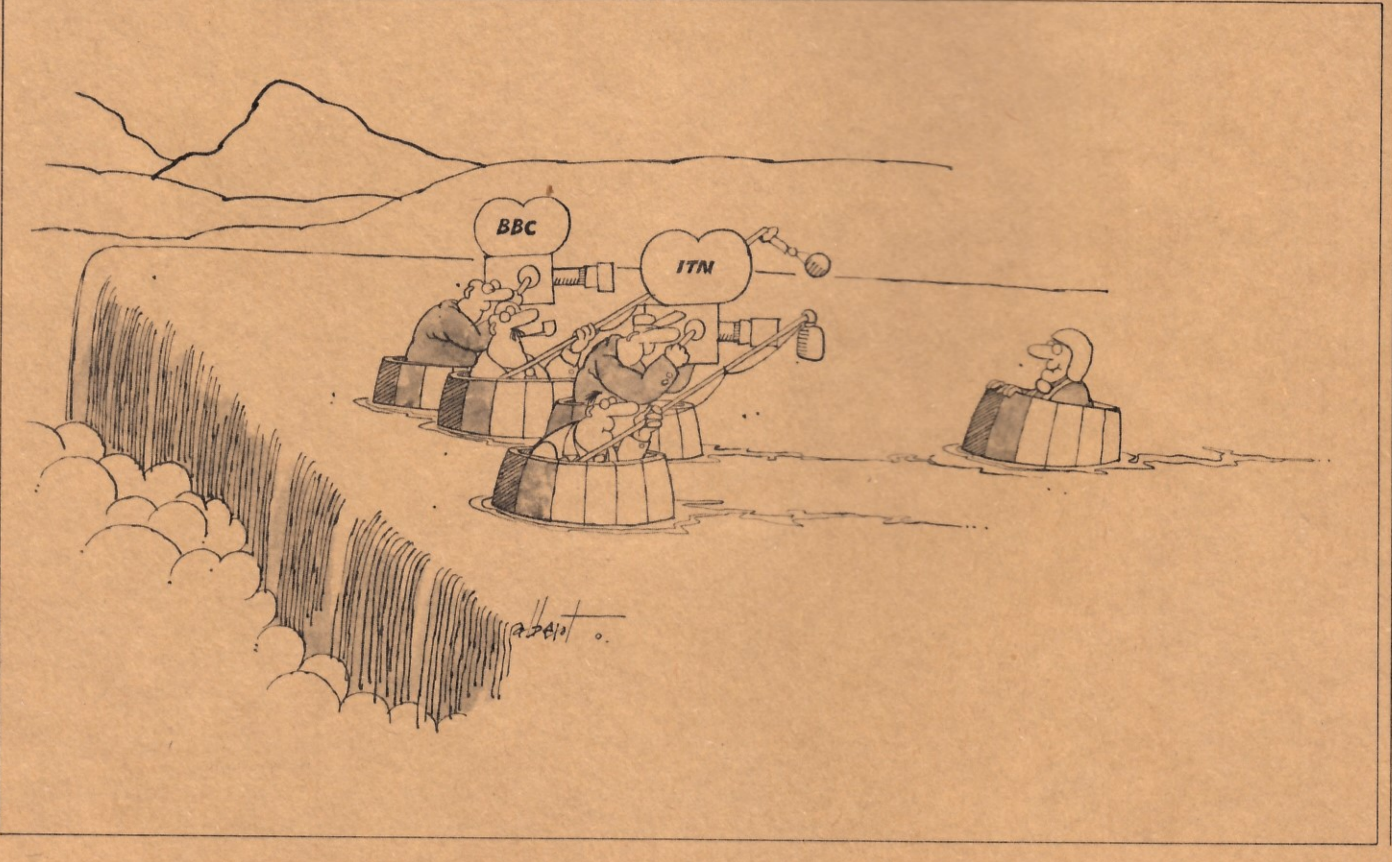
Duane Allman was more than just a rock guitarist, his music had intense feeling, imagination and a remarkable command of vital, flowing, eloquent detail. **An Anthology** (Warner Bros K67502) is a two record set containing a lot of his session work with other artists, such as Wilson Pickett, Aretha Franklin and Delaney and Bonnie. On 'Mean Old World' Duane and Eric Clapton play some really beautiful slide guitar together. Side Four contains recordings of the Allman brothers band, these strident tracks are full of flair and originality. This album is a fine tribute to a great artist.

Rory Gallagher's great strength as a rock-blues band is in his live performances; his whole approach is honest, hardworking and down to earth. Their last double album, 'Live in Europe' had vigour and a rare involvement with the audience. **Blueprint** (Polydor Super 2383 189) is their latest LP. 'Walk on hot coals' is the most impressive track, the band are all pulling together and Rory plays some good solid guitar. On side two is an acoustic ragtime instrumental 'Unmilitary Two-step', this is very much in the style of Rev. Gary Davis and it adds variety to the album.

Jim Messina broke from Poco to work producing records, this is how he met Ken Loggins. It was at the start of a musical partnership in which rare understanding and unity helped create their album, curiously titled **Loggins and Messina** (CBS 65194). Their hit single 'Your mama don't dance', is on the album. It's a great rock 'n' roll number, and like all their material has great technical proficiency. Most of the tracks have a country-rock flavour and the two guitars work well. Sam Apple Pie sound something like the Stones did ten years ago. **East 17** (DJM DJLPS 429) is an album of rockin' numbers including 'Route 66'. I've heard this sort of material by so many bands and they all sound pretty much the same. Sam Apple Pie will have to come up with something more outstanding to be successful.

In the classical field, the mood is romantic. I have been impressed by two recent releases from Argo. On ZRG 721 John Ogdon and his wife Brenda Lucas star together with beautiful dreamy music for two pianos. **Liszt's Concerto Pathétique in E minor** opens the programme turning to Schumann's Andante and Variations Opus 46 and then to six canonic studies Opus 56. What gives the record its tremendous quality is the two-as-one feeling between the performers, almost like hearing a pianist with four hands.

Mozart is always popular with romantics and Argo's ZRG 729 release does full justice to his **Violin Concerto in G major K216.** Mozart is a composer specially suited to the Academy of St. Martin in the Fields, whose members take all the solo parts. The disc is backed with Mozart's Concertone in C Major for two violins and orchestra.



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NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

Allow me, gentlemen, to lift the lid off Paris for you.

Every English heart should, according to romantic tradition, be thinking of this fabled city in the Spring. But as an added bonus for the perennial romantics, I have just returned from tracking down some secret addresses for you, which are guaranteed to come as a pleasurable surprise.

Only the French could think of a mobile wife-swapping club, let alone get one organised. And that is what they've done at the Rondpoint Dauphine, at the foot of Avenue Foch. Your only membership requirement to join *le petit train*, as the French call it, is a car and a female companion.

The procedure is as follows: take your wife or girl friend you wish to swap (the more attractive looking she makes herself, the better the return) and drive slowly round the roundabout, Rondpoint Dauphine. After circling it three times you will find you are being followed by another car with a man and girl in the front seats. (They even prop the girls up on cushions for you to get a proper look). Continue circling about another ten times and you will find that probably another ten cars have joined the procession, all with eager couples. You are now, as the French say, *chef de train*.

At any given moment the leader of the queue drives off to his home and the ten carloads of instant party will follow on. This takes place regularly at ten o'clock every night. One word of warning, though – don't get into the queue with a chum sitting in the passenger seat next to you, or you'll end up with a very dented car.

There seems to be no end to French ingenuity in the art of getting couples together, not to say to bed. I discovered a well-known rendezvous where couples pay 100f (£10) to intermingle naked in a huge room, drink in hand, surrounded by active double beds. The only requirement for admission to these evenings is that you must arrive with girl friend or wife.

There is no end to the ingenuity of the English in getting there, either. Visitors to Paris often walk down the Rue St Denis and pull a girl out of one of the bars (they're those sort of girls) to accompany them to the set-to. This, of course, will set you back another hundred francs.

What about the single chap, do I hear you say? Well, he is now well catered for by an excellent hire-a-girl service. This can be done by the hour, day, night or, typically French, by the weekend. The current tabular rate is 500f (£50) for half a day or £100 for an entire twenty-four hours. The weekend will cost you a round £250. The girl of your choice will then retire with you to your little cottage in Brittany and you can have a relaxing time getting all your problems off your chest.

Also for the single man there are parties in huge double-bedded rooms, similar to the girl swapping ones I mentioned earlier, which allow men in without a girl. But it tends to get a bit hairy when the numbers become uneven like aggressive musical chairs.

Nevertheless if a visit to Paris is on your horizon and you would like more useful addresses and information, write to us and ask for my 'Secret File'. It's quite illuminating!

Meanwhile I discovered that the entertainment field has not changed very much. There is still **Madam Arthur's** where all the girls in the show are men. There is still **Les Six Roses,** where on Tuesday, Friday and Saturday at midnight three seventy-six-year-old women do a striptease – a nasty trick to play on any of your friends who ask to 'see a show'.

There is still the **Club Vaudou** (pronounced voo-doo) where four lovely young teenage girls get into a trance and perform the most uninhibited dance I've seen for a long while. And during the cabaret they liberally handle a bottle of rum with which they spray you from their mouths.

There is even a night club where wild leopards and puma roam free as you drink an Indonesian concoction they lightly call 'Jaguar'. God knows what it was – I was too busy keeping an eye on the animals. In fact I can only just read my writing to see *where* it was. The shaky hand reads **La Factorerie** in the Boulevard Malesherbes.

One final piece of advice before you go rushing off: Paris is expensive. A drink, even a beer, in any one of the nightclubs I've mentioned is going to cost 14f (£1.30). On the other hand they don't pester you to buy – but then who wants to spend the entire evening on one beer? So take plenty of money and be prepared to spend it. And you will find Paris one of the most exciting and invigorating places in the world.

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OBR1/C

Barbie Jane

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Presenting a dish fit to be set before a king: 5 feet 3 inches of Miss Barbara Jane Howard's fulsome 42–24–37. For baby-faced Barbie-Jane, as she likes to be called, possesses one of those inescapably opulent hour glass figures that immediately screams for attention, whether you're engrossed in the latest of the nail-biting literary chart-toppers or slavering your way through the finest cordon bleu mouth-waterer you've ever had the good fortune to savour. Oddly enough both metaphors are

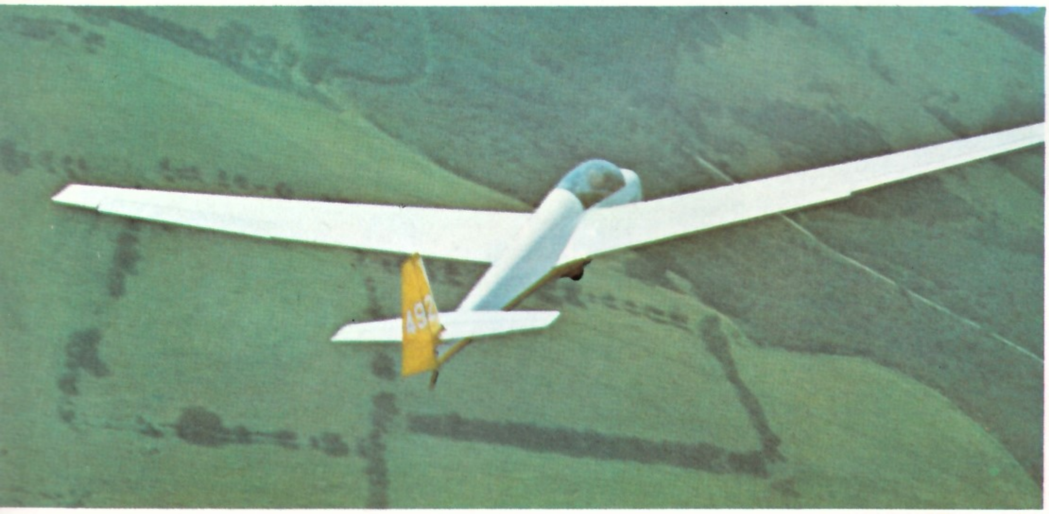
Barbie to a Tea. Having just completed a full-time course in cookery and kitchen management at Cardiff's College of Food Technology, she is well qualified to bake her own cake and eat it. But instead buxom Barbie-Jane is devoting her week-days to extra-culinary activities in her tiny, self-contained flatlet in the Welsh capital's sedate Cathays Park area. 'I had such a busy time at college there just wasn't any time to read or write,' she said. 'That's what I want to do now.' Novels are Barbie's first love and she devours them at a

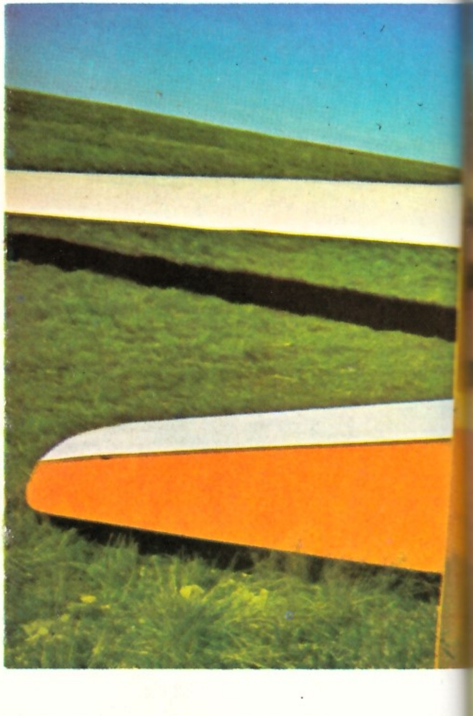
staggering half dozen a week. 'My ambition is to write something really entertaining like "The God-Father".' Week-ends find her in the kitchens of an uncle's restaurant near Chepstow, where she earns her own week-day bread. We wish bon appetit! then to the girl we'd best of all like to cook our goose.

Silent Flight, Wholly Flight

The thermal bird, dream of inventors like Leonardo, has become today's most serene and satisfying sport

By Doug Birch/Photographed by Stuart Dalby



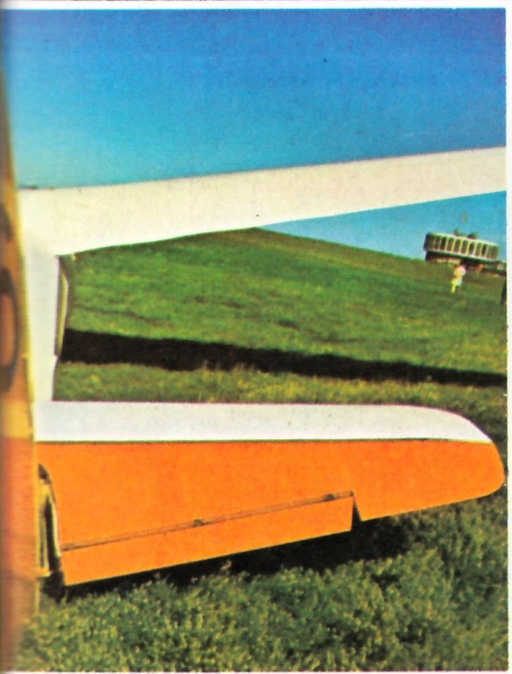


The competitive aspect of the sport of soaring and gliding is today a highly developed and sophisticated science. Ultra-high performance sailplanes costing between £4,000 and £5,000 are very much fact, their designs incorporating every known factor to enable a pilot to obtain maximum flying efficiency in all weather conditions. Constructed primarily of GRP (glass re-inforced plastic), the modern competition sailplane requires a high degree of pilot expertise if optimum results are to be achieved. A thorough knowledge of flight theory, navigation, cloud flying and meteorology are the principal skills required. Mental and physical fitness are also important as recent competition tasks have covered over 300 and 500 kilometres lasting up to nine hours.

During the early stages in their development, both powered aircraft and sailplanes ran parallel courses. The basic design of both craft was very similar and relied on the same control surfaces to change the attitude of flight – wing warping was used, then ailerons, rudder and elevator. But with the rapid advancement in aircraft technology and the discovery of new gliding techniques, deviation was inevitable. Aircraft engineers were after extra horse-power, speed and reliability, while sailplane designers turned their thoughts to producing a machine capable of exploiting these new developments and in particular the meteorological conditions which were beginning to play a vital role in the sport. The first hints of things to come being shown as early as 1921 when two significant flights were made in Germany, utilising prevailing weather conditions.

The Paris Peace Conference Treaty in 1919 forbade Germany from running military and naval airforces, so they directed their energies toward the improvement of motorless flight. By 1921 they were established as the world's leading exponents of the then embryo science of soaring.

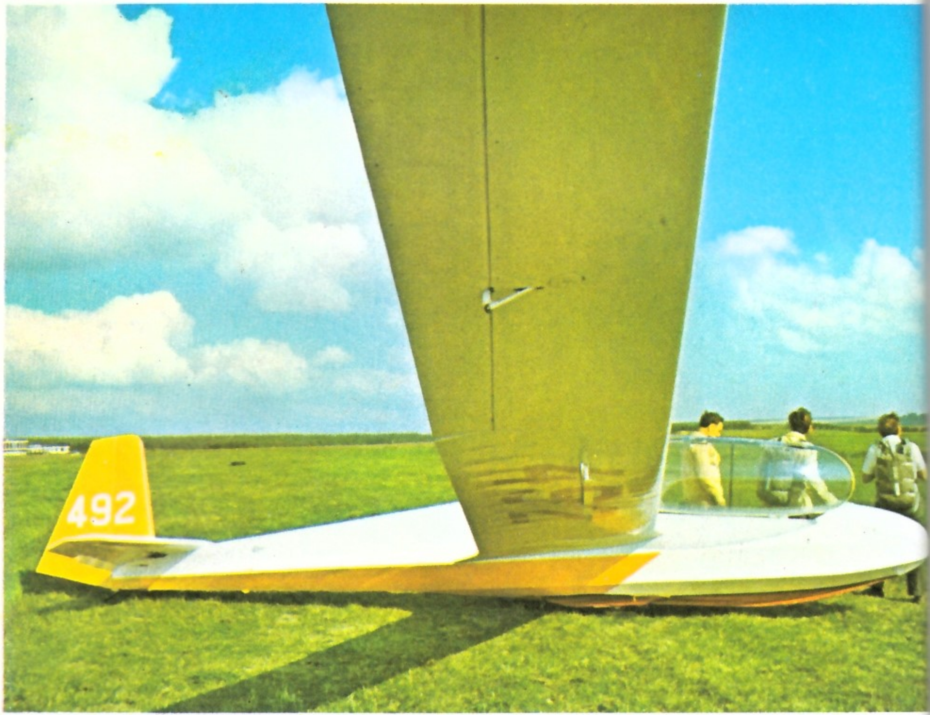
Wolfgang Klemperer recorded the world's first duration flight of note when he soared his glider along a ridge in the Rhon

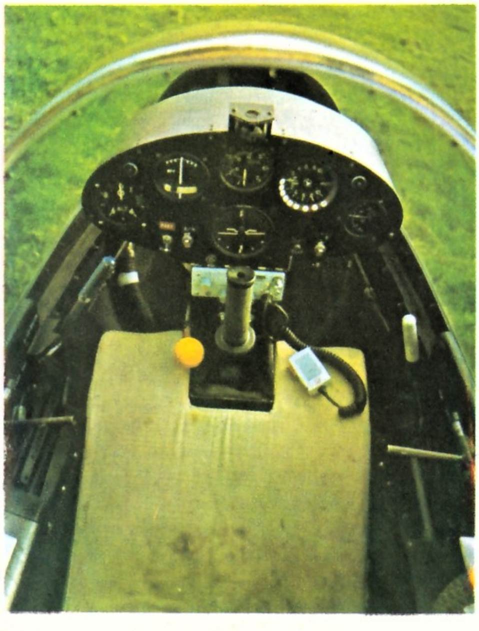


These pictures were taken at a meeting of the Yorkshire Gliding Club recently. Above and opposite page, a two seater K-13 which is used for pilot training. The student is sitting in front of the instructor. Far left, the two seater K-7, also used for training. Between 40 and 60 hours of flying are needed to obtain a licence. Left, a single seater that is popular in competitions.

Below, from top, tailplane of the K-7 instructional glider; climbing aboard; the cockpit and controls. Right, the Diamant, a high performance competition craft. Centre right, the K-13 instructional glider. Below right, the cockpit of a glider. Opposite page, a single seater high performance Dart.

344
DIAMANT





Mountains for 13 minutes. By positioning his glider above the ridge he was able to stay airborne on the rising currents of air which were being forced up the side of the mountain.

Today ridge soaring is commonplace in gliding, and is used particularly for duration exercises. Theoretically it is possible to stay airborne indefinitely using this method of soaring, providing that there is sufficient wind strength to create the required lift needed to sustain the glider in flight.

The other historically interesting flight of 1921 was made by Frederich Harth over the Heidelstein mountain. Flying a glider with a variable incidence wing he was able to soar for 21 minutes. This was achieved by constantly altering the angle of incidence of the wings which enabled him to use the energy from rising gusts of wind to stay aloft. Although he made no claim, it is very probable that he used thermal lift during his flight.

The potential for this type of aviation was clearly indicated by the considerable interest shown in the two flights by certain German industrialists. They realised that the development of the sailplane was the perfect way to improve their knowledge of aerodynamic structures and flight theory, which would be of value to Germany. With this in mind they offered large monetary prizes to pilots who made significant advances in sailplane flight during the German soaring contest of 1922. Organized by Oscar Usrinus, Editor of *Flugsport* the country's leading aviation magazine, the competition was scheduled to be held on the Wasserkuppe mountains in Central Germany from August 9 to 24.

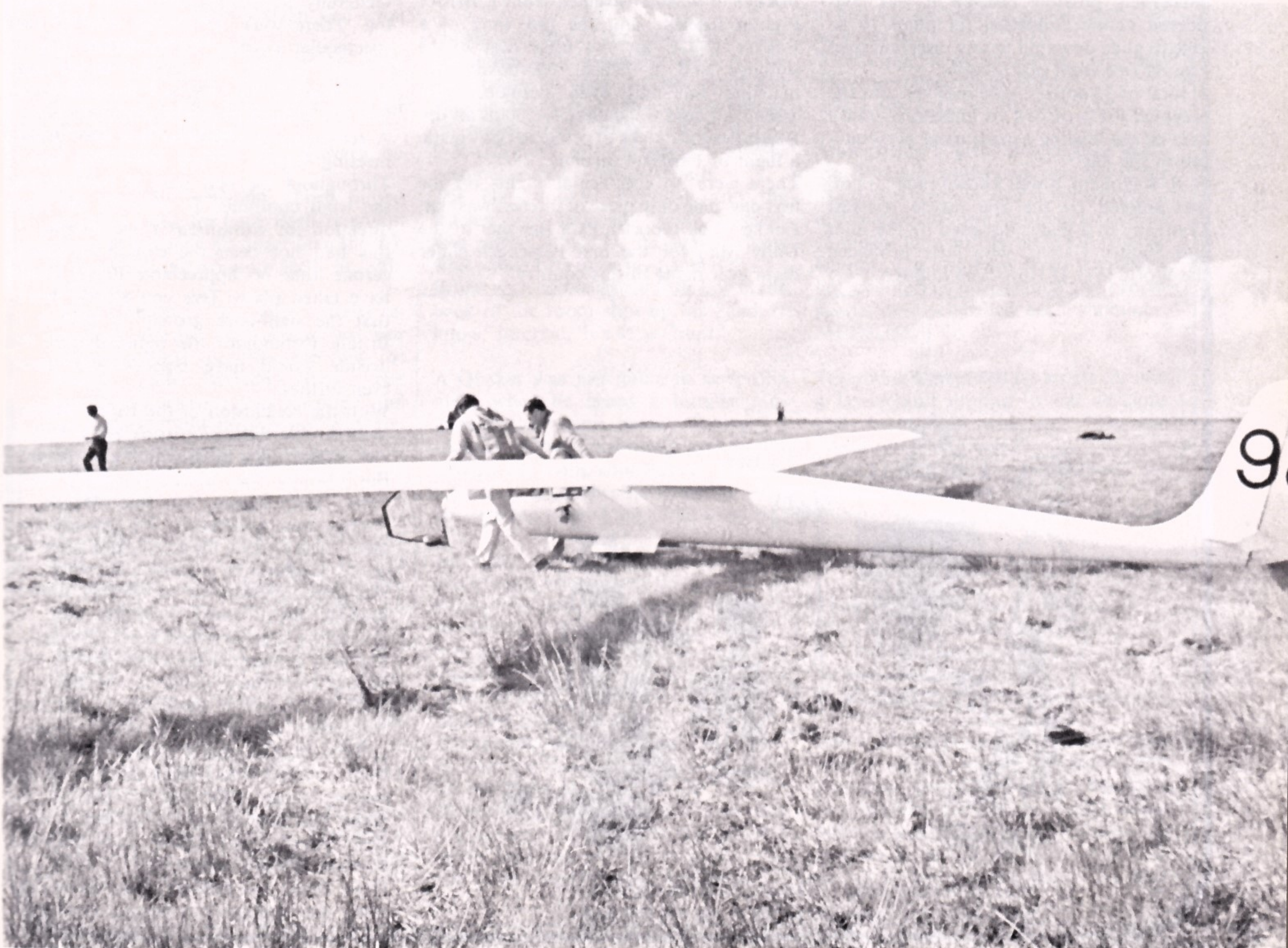
It turned out to be a good year. A westerly wind prevailed throughout the contest which constituted ideal conditions for ridge soaring on the Wasserkuppe. By mid-August the competition was well under way. The first pilot to win a big industrial prize (10,000 marks, the currency being inflated at the time) was Hanover student Arthur Martens with a flight of 1 hour 6 minutes in his Vampyr, a cantilever glider of 41ft 3in wing span. The following day, August 19, a fellow student, F. H. Hentzen, raised the duration record in the same glider to 2 hours 10 seconds, and five days later to 3 hours 6 minutes. Man was now beginning to master hill soaring.

At the same time as the German meeting, the French held a 'Premier Congrès Expérimental d'Aviation sans Moteur,' to which all nations, except recent enemies, were invited – though the only foreign competitor was from the United States. From the 50 entries received, 34 arrived but only 12 of these were deemed airworthy. Most of the other gliders incorporated cranky and dangerous ideas.

The interesting feature of the French meeting was the emergence of the first real evidence of thermal existence, although this was not appreciated at the time. Lucien Bossoutrot gained 253 feet above his take off point and performed three wide circles during his flight of 5 minutes 18 seconds, while Lucien Coupet climbed 174 feet and flew for 4 minutes 50 seconds. Both these flights were performed in virtually nil wind conditions.

The eventual discovery proper of the thermal was the foundation stone upon which modern-day soaring was built. Meteorologically a thermal is a mass of air which ascends because it contains water vapour or is warmer and therefore less dense than the air around it. As the thermal rises it mixes with the surrounding air and grows larger. Eventually the reduction in atmospheric pressure with height causes the thermal and surrounding air to cool down, the moisture in the thermal will then condense out to form a cumulus cloud.

A glider pilot who contacts the core of the thermal can expect to rise at rates of climb of up to 900 feet per minute. In thunderstorm conditions rates of climb of 2000 feet per minute are not unusual. While



thermals are active, pilots who are able to use their skills to find areas of good convection are able to make cross-country flights of some considerable distance.

Stimulated by the overwhelming success of the continental meetings, the proprietors of the Daily Mail newspaper announced on August 23, 1922, that they were to sponsor the first British soaring contest from October 16 to 21 of that year. Entries from all nations would be eligible to compete for the prize of £1,000 to be awarded to the pilot completing the longest soaring flight during the competition. The Royal Aero Club were asked to organise the event and they, in true British fashion, appointed a committee to arrange and supervise the contest.

Frederick Handley Page, C. R. Fairey and W. A. Bristow composed part of the distinguished eight man party. The only member to have had any gliding experience, however, was Alex Ogilvie, who had remained poised over one spot on a convex sand dune at Kitty Hawk, USA, for periods of up to 59 seconds in 1911.

The choice of site for the contest was Itford Hill, a 535 feet high promontory facing north and north east at the western end of the South Downs. The fact that the rest of this particular stretch of hills afforded a magnificent soaring ridge of 5 miles in length was apparently overlooked by all concerned, possibly because it was considered vitally important for pilots to be able to glide downhill in any direction over ground free from obstruction.

A total of 35 entries were received and the accepted list provided an impressive who's who of the leading aeronautical personalities of the day.

F. P. Raynham, a well known racing pilot, was entered by the Handasyde Aircraft Company in a glider designed by the pilot and Sydney Camm, who later produced the World War II Hurricane Fighter.

Anthony Fokker entered three gliders. This entry was very unpopular and regarded with great suspicion by the spectators. They still remembered the havoc wrought by Fokker designed aircraft during the recent conflict in Europe.

From France came A. Maneyrol, who was to become the world duration champion in 1923 when he made a flight of 8 hours 5 minutes at Vauville. He returned to England later that year to fly a Peyret machine in the Daily Mail 'motor glider' contest at Lympne, but was killed when the wings collapsed in flight.

E. C. Gordon England, a well known motor racing driver was also there. He later became the first chairman of the British Gliding Association in 1930. Prior to the contest he held the British gliding duration record of 58 seconds, flown in 1909.

Other interesting entries were John Jeyes, an ex-RFC pilot who survived a serious crash during the competition in his German built Klemperer-type monoplane glider, and E. D. C. Herne, a pilot of Daimler Airways who announced in September 1922 his intention of gliding across the English Channel before the end of the year. This intention, however, was not completed.

Perhaps the cheapest competition glider ever built and flown successfully was entered by Sqn Ldr Alec Gray. Christened 'Brokker,' a combination of Bristol and Fokker, it was constructed from a Bristol Fighter fuselage and the top wing of a Fokker D-4II, for the total cost of 18 shillings and 6 pence. Moreover, the machine was not even designed, just assembled, and weighed only 500lbs all up. Regardless of its lack of pedigree Gray made a flight of 1 hour 4 seconds.

There were no spectacular flights on the first day. The only piece of interest was that Fokker took reporter Paul Bewsher of the Daily Mail for the first passenger glider flight ever made in this country.

JC BLOGG
CHIMNEY SWEEP.
HONEYSETT

'With Victoriana being so fashionable at the moment, I find a lot of my customers prefer to use the boy here.'

As the tempo of the competition increased so flight times improved. A moderate ENE wind prevailed and the pilots began to understand the techniques of ridge soaring. By following the examples set by Fokker and Jeyes, who had both previously hill soared in Germany, their confidence and abilities took considerable steps forward.

Raynham flew for 1 hour 53 minutes 2 seconds on the second day, which at the time constituted the third longest flight in gliding history and the flight put him in a favourable position for taking the major prize. On the final day, however, French pilot Alex Maneyrol clinched the £1,000 prize with a superlative flight of 3 hours 21 minutes 7 seconds, which culminated in a night landing with the aid of headlights from spectators' cars.

G. W. Cain caused considerable mirth with his flying bicycle, he pedalled furiously downhill in the hope that he could generate enough speed to lift off the ground. Unfortunately the wing affixed to the machine was attached at such a high angle of incidence with the result that as as soon as the front wheel rose, the machine immediately stalled and fell over sideways.

Gordon England also impressed the crowd on one occasion. After take off he was blown backwards by a 50 mph wind and landed with a forward airspeed reading of 40 mph – still moving backwards.

Generally the contest was steadily progressing. There were, of course, one or two spectacular crashes, in particular that of Captain Herne, whose glider wings literally folded in mid-air, but fortunately he was low enough to escape without injury.

A retrospective glance at this first British meeting reveals a very interesting point. Throughout the best part of the meeting the wind continued to blow in the right direction for continuous ridge soaring. If this had not been the case it is almost certain that no appreciable flying would have taken place. This could have meant that the snail-pace growth of gliding in Britain throughout the remainder of the decade would have been slowed down even further.

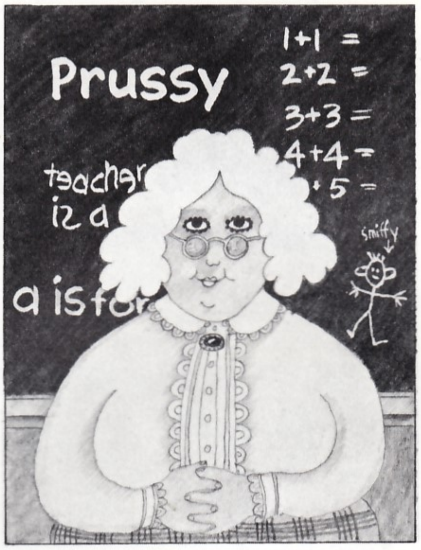
With the conclusion of the Itford meeting considerable discussion took place with a view to starting a British gliding movement. But nothing was done for nearly eight years. The reason for this decline in interest was, apparently, the opinion that mere ridge soaring became boring after the initial euphoria of success had worn off. The great question as to whether human soaring flight were possible, lost its interest as soon as it had been answered.

The next chance for the establishment of a gliding movement came in Germany in 1926. Dr. Lippisch designed the Prüfling, the earliest secondary-type training glider, and for the first time it became possible to train *ab-initio* pilots right through to the soaring stage. This put an end to the belief that soaring was a difficult science only possible for those with previous powered aircraft experience.

Here, then, was definite proof from Germany that impecunious people could learn

turn to page 59

Gentlemen, that reminds me...



A round-up of after-dinner jokes

The old Irishman on his deathbed was asked by the priest if he renounced the Devil.
'Hold on a minute, Father,' he replied. 'This is no time to be making enemies!'

Arriving back early from the hunt Lord Marcus was annoyed to find his young manservant Edward sifting through a valuable Johnson dictionary in his master's study.
'What on earth are you playing at?' Lord Marcus boomed.
'Looking up a word,' the young manservant stuttered. 'What word is that?' Lord Marcus scowled.
'Begging your pardon, sir. The word was "faux pas",' said Edward.
'Put down that dictionary,' said Lord Marcus, mellowing. 'I'll tell you what "faux pas" means.
'Do you recall last week when Lord Simon and Lady Barbara came to dinner and before dining they went for a walk in the garden?'
'I remember it well, sir,' Edward replied.
'Do you also remember Lord Simon plucking a rose for Lady Barbara and in doing so pricking his finger on a thorn?'
'I bandaged the wound myself, sir,' said Edward.
'Then, Edward, you must surely remember during the course of our dinner, whilst you were serving the dessert, Lady Barbara asked Lord Simon, "How's your prick, darling?" and he replied, "Still throbbing," and you said, "Bloody hell," and dropped the custard on my head? That, Edward, was a "faux pas." '

A young man had joined a monastery and after several weeks began to miss the pleasures of the flesh. He consulted the Abbot who, understanding his problem, took him to a window overlooking the courtyard. He pointed to a barrel with a hole in it which was standing in a corner of the courtyard and told the young monk that he could use the barrel whenever he felt the urge, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday or Sunday.
'Thank you very much,' said the young monk, 'but what about Thursday?'
'Ah,' said the Abbot. 'Thursday is your turn in the barrel.'

On the first day of the new school year, the junior school teacher went to the blackboard in front of her class and announced: 'I want you all to remember my name, so I'm going to print it out: P-R-U-S-S-Y. Miss Prussy. It rhymes with pussy, but it has an R in it.'
The class looked receptive and the teacher was satisfied. Next morning, just before assembly, she asked, 'Now who remembers what my name is?'
Bright with enthusiasm a little boy at the back of the room shot up his hand. 'I know,' he cried. 'It's Miss Crunt.'

A Quaker was just going to sleep one night when he heard a burglar ransacking the rooms below. Taking his shotgun, he crept downstairs and quietly opened the living room door. 'Friend,' he said. 'I mean thee no harm but thou art standing where I am about to shoot.'

An attractive young widow arrived in heaven and immediately sought out St Peter. 'Can you tell me if my husband, Mr Smith, is here?' she asked.
'I'm afraid we have a great many Mr Smiths,' replied St Peter. 'Could you be more specific?'
'His first name was Ted.'
'There again we have several Ted Smiths. Is there anything in particular you can tell me about him?'
'Well, as he lay dying, he did say that if I was ever unfaithful to him after his death, he'd turn over in his grave.'
'Oh – you mean Whirling Ted Smith!'

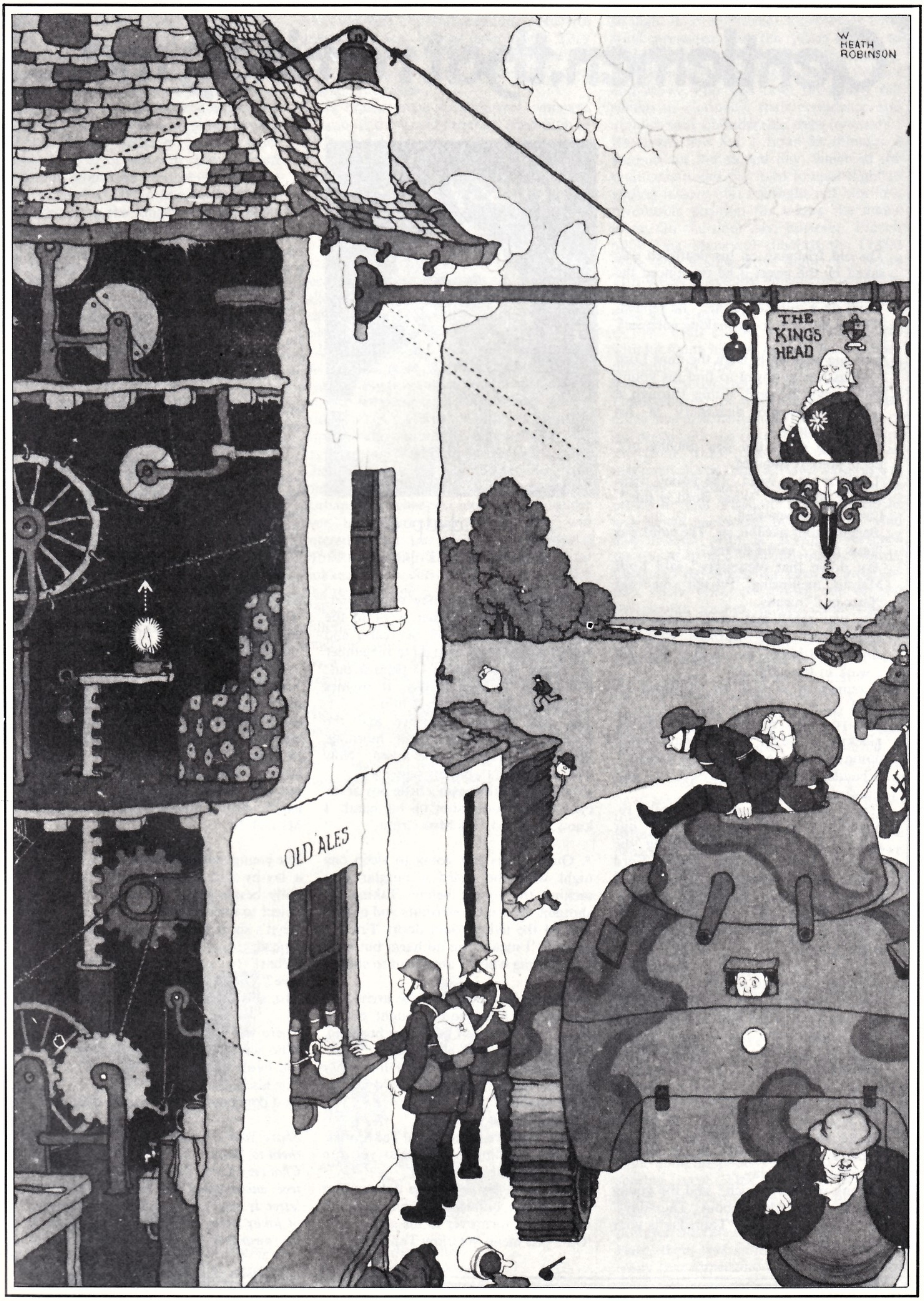
Two business friends found themselves in a pub after work with the prospect of an empty evening stretching ahead of them. Jim prided himself on being a bit of a 'swinger' the complete opposite of the shy and retiring Arthur, so it was with some amazement that he listened to what his friend had to say.
'I know a discreet little hotel near here where we can go. We have to book in by seven and pay an all-inclusive fee of £20 and we get a single room each. At eight they serve dinner and the bar is open from nine until ten with free drinks. We have to be in bed by half past but that's when the fun starts. Any time through the night you can ring for a partner who gives you all the sex you can take. In the morning you get breakfast in bed and the offer of a taxi home – at no extra cost.'
'That's absolutely incredible,' said Jim. 'Have you been there often?'
'No, I don't go, but the wife does.'

Anticipating a great propaganda coup the Russian government sent an order to an American rubber company for a billion gross of contraceptives measuring 18 inches long and 10 inches in circumference. The company filled the order, but countering propaganda for propaganda, clearly labelled each container: MEDIUM.

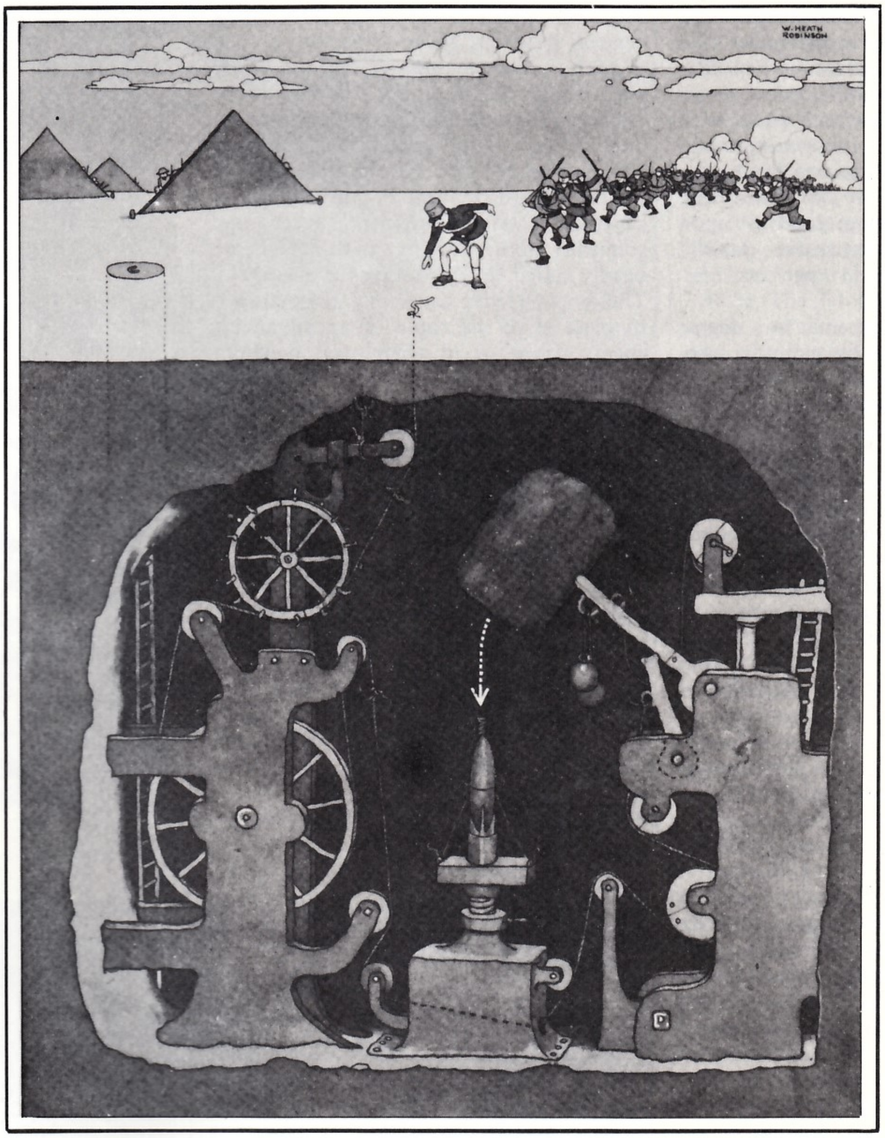
The young man pulled his sports car into a lay-by and turning to the delicious dolly beside him, whispered, "Do you object to making love?'
'That's something I've never done,' she replied.
'What!' he said, paling. 'Never made love?'
'No, silly,' she said. 'Never objected.'

There was a young man of Missouri
Who screwed with a terrible fury;
Till hauled up to court
For his bestial sport,
And condemned by a poorly-hung jury.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.


W HEATH ROBINSON
THE KING'S HEAD
OLD ALES

Cartoonist Heath Robinson lightened the dark days of the last war with his own weird and whacky ways of beating the enemy, but none of his ideas match for unabashed ingenuity the real-life boobytraps of wartime / By F. J. Stephens



PEEK-A-BOOM!

The demands of warfare invariably single out a heroic elite. They are the generals, like Montgomery and Rommel, air aces like Douglas Bader, and of course the inventors of weapons like Von Braun, father of the German V-II rocket, and Barnes Wallis, creator of the bouncing bomb which brought national acclaim to the Dambusters.

There are, however, men whose contribution to their nation in time of need has been incalculable, and yet their names have escaped the rôle of honour. One such breed are the creators of the dirty tricks – the inventors of boobytraps.

Long before Homer recorded the escapades of Odysseus, boobytraps had been used as weapons of war, but it was not until the twentieth century that design and development became a part of their creation, and during the Second World War a heyday for their deployment came about.

By definition a boobytrap is a weapon that is detonated by the victim. Unrecognisable as a trap, it is either completely disguised so that it only becomes operable by the accidental triggering of the explosive, or it is constructed in a form that appears innocuous, unrecognisable as a weapon, and of interest to the curious victim. Within the latter variety the ingenuity of creation knew no bounds, and the designs produced were masterpieces of deception.

It was, perhaps, the very nature of boobytraps that relegated their designers to

Left: Heath Robinson's cleverly thought out scheme for smashing enemy tanks on the Dover road. Above: Desert Warfare. The Macaroni Mine.

anonymity. While the military has long appreciated the psychological value of a weapon that preys on the susceptibility of its victim, the designer is put in the position of not being wholly trusted by his friends, let alone his enemies.

Boobytraps have an immense tactical effect upon an enemy. They do not produce any great casualty lists. It is the demoralising effect they generate within the ranks of a foe, creating unease, suspicion and fear that gives them value. They slow down the rate of advance, frustrate plans, and even their discovery creates wariness and fear in the enemy. Where one boobytrap has been found there may lurk ten others.

Success for a boobytrap depends upon three basic factors: destructive quality; efficient triggering; and perfect concealment.

Each of these factors depends to a degree upon the support given by the other two, and it is the clever combination of all three that produces the perfect boobytrap.

Destructive quality, the virulence of the explosives employed in boobytraps, is determined by the power of the explosion rather than the size. Total incapacitation is not the prime objective. The psychological effect on all personnel in the blast area, who see maiming and physical injury is considerable. The dead are easily disposed of, but the living injured require care and attention. In cold military terms this adds yet another strain to the enemy's resources.

The most suitable explosives have a destructive range of about three to five yards and are strictly anti-personnel. The explosives need to be compact and easily charged, and capable of being primed quickly and hidden easily.

Equally important as the explosive content is efficient triggering. The triggering device must be a foolproof activating mechanism. Easily primed, it must be extremely sensitive, absolutely safe while de-activated, and uncomplicated enough to resist damage prior to preparation. Various forms of triggering device are used to suit the explosive type, and the design and action of the boobytrap. Mechanical triggers, operated by pressure catches or springs in conjunction with percussion caps have been widely used by all nations. The usual system of operation in these types is to have the initial action explode the percussion cap – in turn detonating a small explosive – which explodes the main charge. Alternatively, electric firing of the explosive by means of a trigger switch – usually in the form of a make and break contact or a mercury switch – have been successfully used.

One of the most compact forms of triggering is the friction fuse, a chemical compound which is fired by disturbance – moving, pulling, pressure, and so forth. Unfortunately this has the major disadvantage of being temperamental and sometimes a little too sensitive. Chemical fuses – acids released by disturbance – have also been employed with effective results. They are, however, subject to time delays, and suitable only for limited types of operation because of this.

The cunning concealment or camouflaging of the boobytrap is the prime factor in assuring success. Conventional boobytraps, those improvised around existing structures and equipment, have been successful enough providing that the investigating force has been lax in taking thorough detection precautions. The dirty trick devices, however, really come into a class of their own in matters of disguise. They are designed not only for concealment of their true content, but also to appeal to the intelligence and curiosity of the observer.

Relying upon the natural curiosity of human nature, interest in making use of captured enemy equipment, greed and souvenir appeal, the dirty trick devices are deadly suited for disrupting the enemy.

The most effective usage of a boobytrap is to place it in the route of an advancing enemy force, or in abandoned positions during a retreat. Apart from obvious locations in the face of the advancing enemy, boobytraps have been very usefully employed in positions that the enemy is certain to investigate, such as evacuated front line headquarters and supply posts.

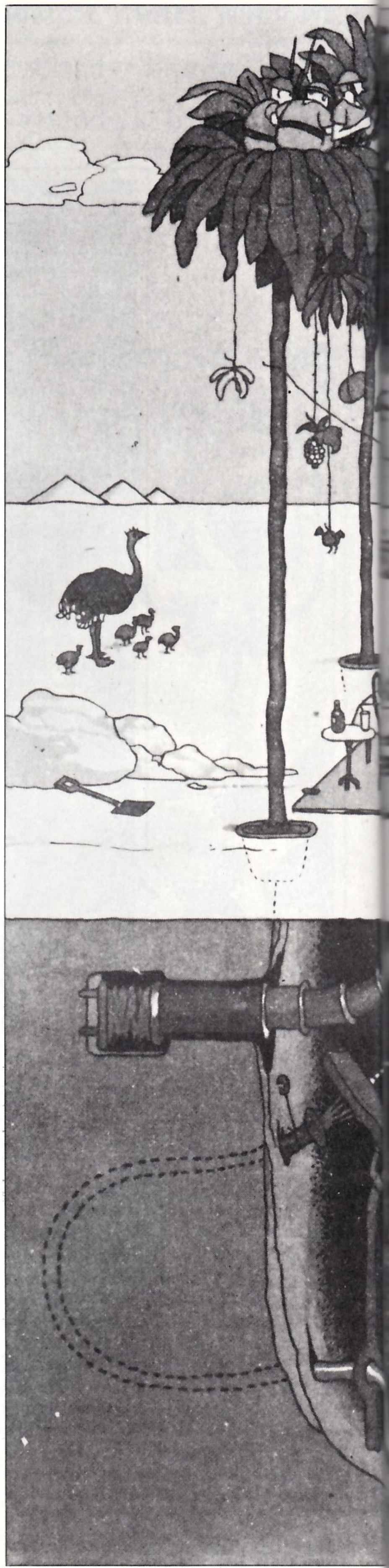
The Russians were particularly adept at leaving boobytrapped supplies in abandoned zones. Rolls of bandages and first aid supplies, ammunition crates and the like were all left where they would attract the attentions of invasion forces, who could always use such material in front line positions. Similarly, items of souvenir appeal, such as cigarette cases and lighters – specially manufactured as dirty trick devices which would explode on handling – were left in unobtrusive places in preparation for looting soldiers.

One particularly ingenious Soviet device was the imitation frog. Life-like in appearance, these were filled with an explosive compound that detonated on compression. Left in roadways, they were useful for damaging all forms of vehicles, including tanks.

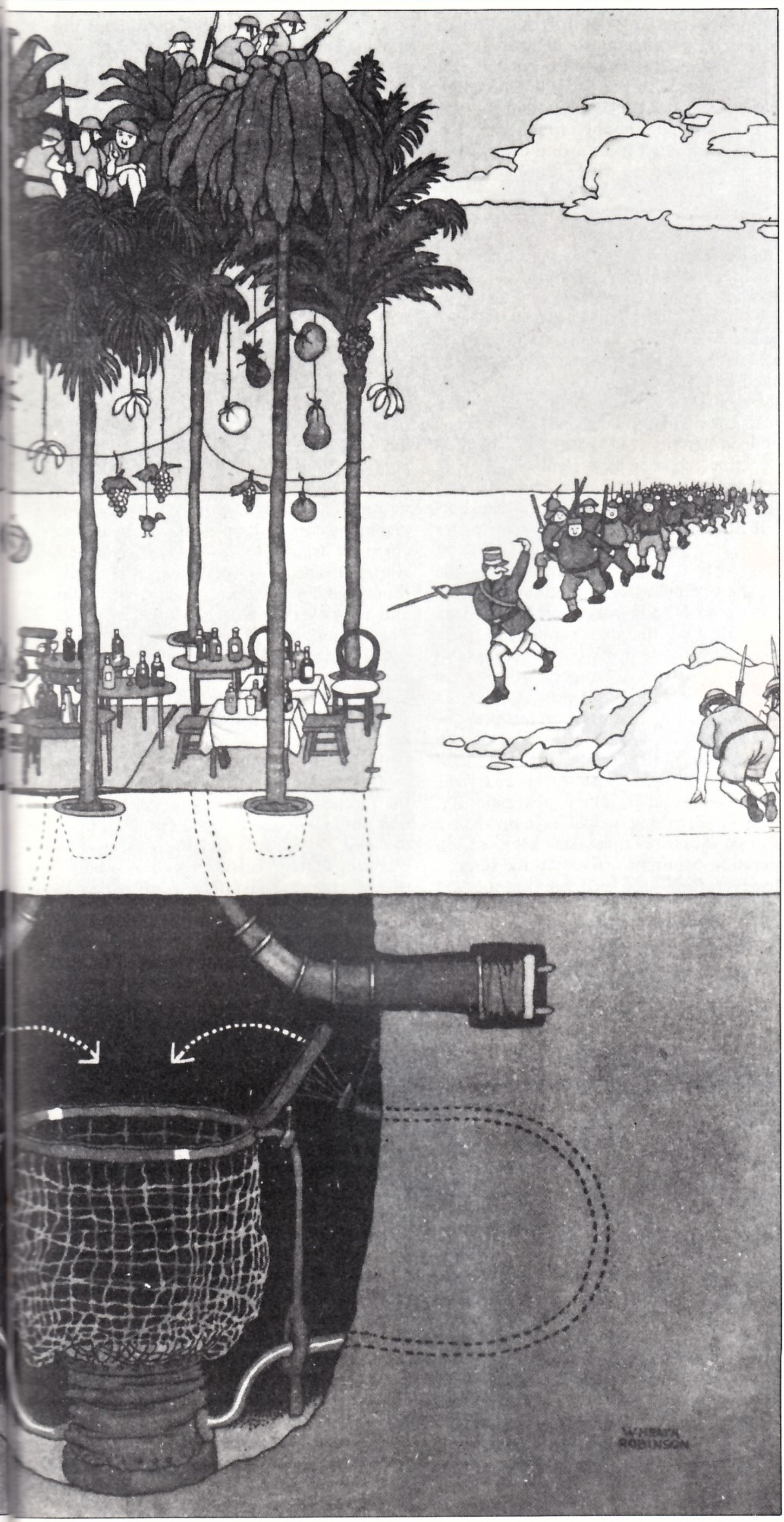
While the imitation frogs were useful against vehicles – the drivers would pay no attention to such small creatures – they were not so effective against ground troops who could probably see that the frogs were not real. To cater for the rank and file on the ground, a more suitable disguise was developed for the explosive, manufactured this time to look like horse dung. Scattered along Russian roads where German infantry was likely to march along, some clown was always guaranteed to step into it.

Whatever success the Russians were having with boobytraps, the Germans were not slow in advocating their use against the Red Army. One design that was notably successful was the boobytrapped water flask.

The standard issue German water flask was manufactured out of aluminium, and held about half a litre. The cunningly contrived dirty tricks made use of the standard issue pieces, and had a solid form explosive packed into the bottom half of the flask, with a detonator fired by a striker which was activated by a tensioned spring. The action was held cocked by a retaining spring



Capturing a thirsty detachment of blackshirts



in the desert. Heath Robinson's Oasis Trap was a great deal kinder than the genuine article.

attached to the chain or strap secured to the inside of the bottle and projecting to the outside and fitted to the screw top. An aluminium or bakelite cup covered the mouthpiece section, and the body of the flask was covered with standard grey felt covering. The light tugging on the securing strap when unscrewing the top was all that was required to release the securing pin. As the Red Army was often desperately short of supplies and equipment, and encouraged to make use of captured German materials, the boobytrapped water flasks claimed many victims.

Another cunningly camouflaged device was the boobytrapped Cognac bottle, employed by the Russians and Germans alike. The liquid content of the bottle was the explosive – petrol always being a suitable choice. The detonator was concealed in the cork, and took the form of a friction fuse like nitrogen tri-iodide. The advantage of this type of detonation is that it can be safely handled while being made, as it takes the form of a paste. When it dries out it is extremely sensitive, and although only of limited power it makes a good flash. The boobytrapped bottle would stand physical examination in the initial stages. It was not until that the cork was pulled that the friction fuse within it would fire, and in turn detonate the liquid explosive.

We British – despite our reputed sense of fair play – were not averse to conniving dirty tricks. One such contraption was the boobytrapped book, designed to explode when taken down from a book shelf. The method of operation was extremely efficient. The inner section of the pages were cut away to accommodate the workings; an electronically detonated explosive wired to a battery with the circuit broken by an insulated wedge holding open contact breakers. The base of the wedge was screwed to the shelf wall at the back, and with other books stacked on either side the effect was quite innocuous – until the book was withdrawn and contact breakers allowed to complete the circuit.

The Italians developed an extremely malevolent boobytrap that was guaranteed to be a pain in the neck to the unwitting soldier. It consisted of a small adaptation to a radio transmitter/receiver headphone set. The inner workings of the ear pieces were removed, and in their place was stacked a small electric detonator surrounded by powdered explosive. As the capture of an enemy radio set was always useful for listening in to their military communications or for issuing bogus instructions, it was always a good bet to make use of their radio equipment. Plugging the headphones lead into the communication socket provided a live current to fire the explosive in the ear pieces – guaranteed to cure eavesdropping for life.

Always keen to experiment with new techniques, the Germans constantly developed their dirty tricks. A really compact trick made use of the innocent looking pea whistle, and required no other mechanics than an explosive and a friction fuse, plus someone mug enough to blow it. The explosive was packed in the main hollow of the whistle, and the friction fuse was made round like the pea. One hearty blast was enough to fire the fuse and explode the main charge, and clear the most stubborn of head colds.

Meanwhile, across the Atlantic in the USA, ordnance departments were putting work into the development of boobytraps to combat the pranksters at large in Germany and Japan. One of their highly successful devices was the boobytrapped coffee pot, or kettle. Knowing that real American coffee made a nice change from the substitute that abounded in occupied Europe, some enterprising American had coffee cans and pots loaded with explosive, charged battery and wiring, and the highly sensitive mercury switch. One slight movement of the primed device let the mercury complete the circuit required for detonation. High tea was immediately served.

Another neat device issued by the Americans for the use of foolhardy enemies was a flashlight packed with explosives and a battery. The natural reaction of testing the light by switching it on produced a warm and cheerful glow that attracted the attention of all in the vicinity.

The Japanese, those inscrutable imitators of the West, developed a dirty trick that was the final solution to smokers cough – fine quality pipes, much loved by sporting gentlemen the world over, but with mouthpieces containing explosive. Inside the stem of the pipe was a detonator and percussion cap, with a spring-powered striker cocked into readiness. Once it was found that the pipe would not function properly it was usual to try to remove the mouthpiece and check for obstructions. The action of moving the mouthpiece brought the boobytrap into action.

A rather more sophisticated development to boobytraps came in the form of the delayed action time fuse. This was originally developed for use in conventional bomb warfare, where a delay explosive could have a better fatality rate. Dropped from aircraft along with standard type explosives, the delayed action bomb often landed unnoticed in an air raid, or was presumed to be a dud. Only later, when the population emerged from the shelters did it explode, without the warning of the familiar shrill whistle of a bomb falling to earth.

A development stemming from the delayed time bomb was the boobytrapped timer. This was specifically aimed at those courageous men of all nations – the bomb disposal squads. The basic delayed action time fuse was a clockwork mechanism which ticked away a pre-determined amount of minutes or hours until the moment the escapement brought into action the striker, firing the charge which detonated the main explosive. The rather cruel boobytrapping of this destroyed all possibility of any steel-nerved bomb disposal expert interfering with the mechanism against the odds of an unknown time factor. The mechanism was designed to prevent any attempted interference with the works. The slightest tampering caused the striker to be brought prematurely into action.

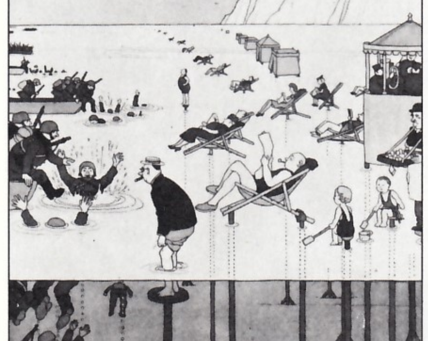
Once it was discovered that there was no way to neutralise these traps the only alternative was to wait for the ultimate explosion, or attempt to detonate under protected conditions from the outside. One disadvantage with the delayed action time fuse was the audible ticking sound it made. Its usage for pure boobytrap purposes was somewhat limited if an astute investigator with a stethoscope was locating boobytraps.

While there could be no ignoring the possibility of detonation taking place, it could be ensured that the area was free of personnel who might suffer injury.

To combat these conditions a silent time fuse was devised, and this proved to be more ideally suited for boobytraps than the clockwork mechanism, as the new system relied on chemicals.

The system was frequently incorporated with a percussion detonator and spring retained striker, but with the push/pull triggering replaced by a rigid copper wire within the fuse system. An acid was used within the triggering section, which corroded the wire to release the striker under the tension of the spring. The facility of time delay could be determined by the thickness of the wire, and the time that the acid would take to corrode it to breaking point. It had the disadvantage of once being activated that it would operate until detonation occurred, irrespective of whether or not enemy troops were close at hand. On the other hand, it did not rely upon the chance factor of being triggered by an unsuspecting intruder. Under the right conditions it seemed infallible. Even the most careful soldier, taking great pains not to disturb anything, would have no chance against a device that had been set in operation before he arrived on the scene.

However, for all the successes that the acid delay action time fuse had had in the hands of troops in the field, it failed in the one event which it could have achieved eternal fame. In 1943 an attempt to assassinate Hitler was made by a few officers of the German High Command. An apparently perfect situation arose. Hitler was to visit the Russian front to find out why the boundaries of the Greater German Reich were moving back from Moscow instead of over it.



Tricking invaders as to the state of the tide.

When it was discovered that the Führer would fly to the front, the boobytrap was made ready for inclusion among the luggage of the aircraft. Disguised as a bottle of cognac, the boobytrap was operated by a percussion cap detonator, triggered by an acid fuse. It was designed to explode 30 minutes after activation of the acid vial, which was released by the sharp turning of the cork, shattering the vial and allowing it to attack the retaining wire of the striker. Minutes before the plane was to take off, the officer with the disguised bomb arrived at the airfield and persuaded one of the crew that the package was a present of brandy for a colleague–one of the generals commanding at the front where Hitler was to visit. Would it be possible he asked, to have the package given to him when the plane arrived at the destination. The request was accepted, and giving the cork a sharp twist to activate the corrosive trigger it was handed over and stored inside. Minutes later the craft thundered down the runway, and headed up and away over the bleak skyline to the east. The minutes ticked away, the fateful half hour came about, and high over East Prussia the force of the tension spring severed the corroding copper wire, and the striker was driven into the detonator – and nothing happened.

Unknown to Hitler, and crew, a plan to destroy them had failed. And unknown to the plotters, far back in Berlin, the plane had not fallen smashed and burning out of the sky. It landed on time, exactly as planned, at the Russian front. A million to one chance and fate had saved Hitler from death. A slight mis-alignment of the striker and percussion detonator had resulted in non-activation and left the instigators of the plot with memories of a harrowing and frustrating experience.

Of all the dirty trick devices that were tried, perhaps the accolade for the most ingenious of them all should go to the unknown German who devised the exploding chocolate bar – so simple in construction, yet so vicious in concept.

This sweetmeat was an absolute piece de resistance. The explosive was a thin sheet, about the size of a picture postcard although somewhat thicker. The fuse was the friction type, adhered to the sheet explosive, and sandwiched between a thin canvas pull trigger. Placed on a chocolate base, usually on the 'Peters' brand of chocolate, and then covered over, it was wrapped exactly like any other bar. Indistinguishable from a normally produced brand, there was no real way to identify it as a dirty trick without breaking the bar open – and that was the operation required to trigger the explosive into action. Assassins and killers the world over have often used food as the bait for untimely death. But in a sphere where poisons have normally been the sole weaponry employed, this was, surely, the most cunning and ingenious of them all.

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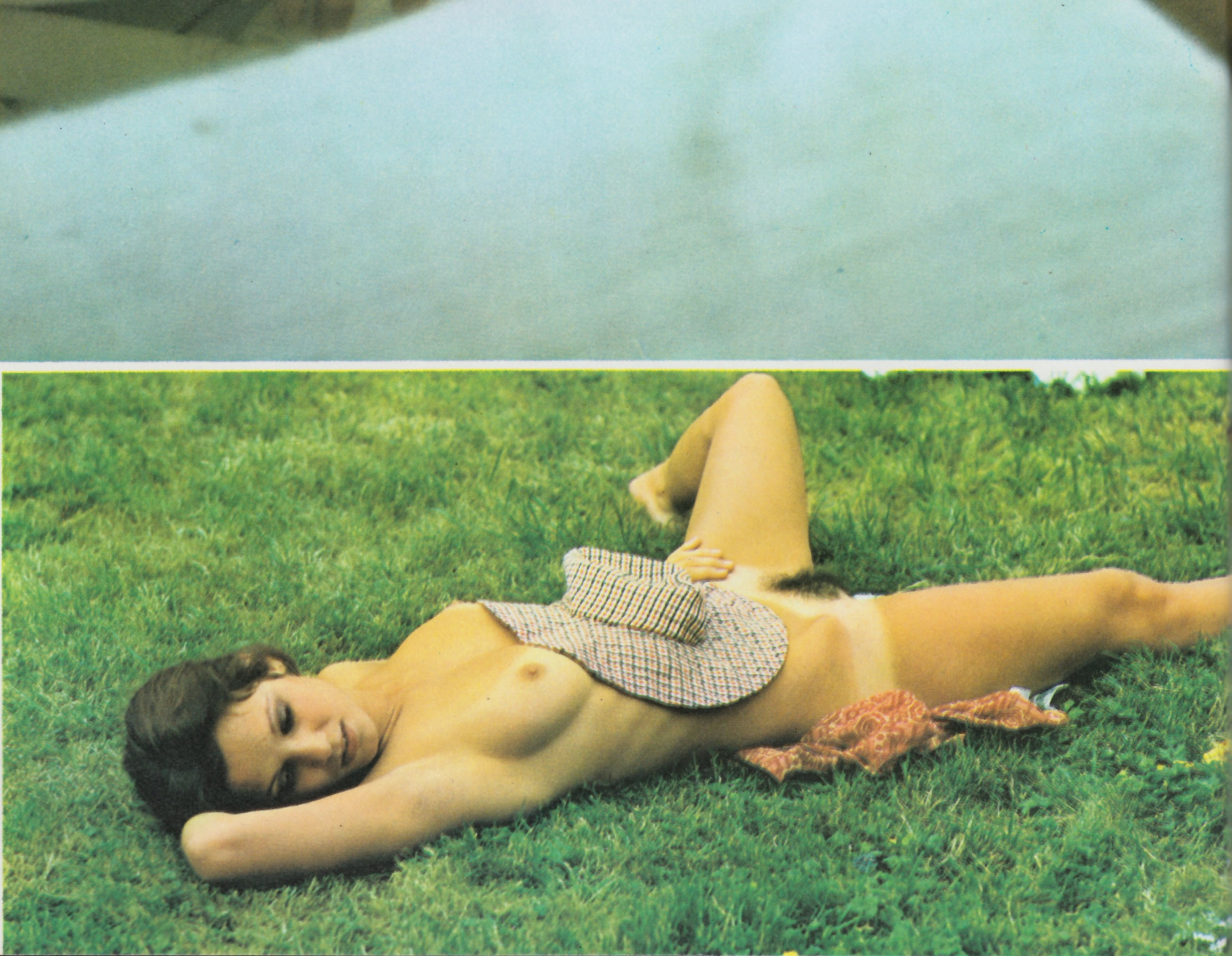
EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

JEANETTE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE MCLEAN

Good Americans go to Paris when they die, it's claimed, so 20-year-old Jeanette Remain should have an especial advantage. Though true blue American by her passport, she was born not a Metro ride from the Champs Elysee. 'Actually the district was called Stalingrad, but don't ask me why,' she told us. 'My parents were staying in this pretty crummy rented apartment before my father took up a job with a European company.' It was during schooldays in Switzerland that Jeanette's elfin 5 feet 2 inches blossomed into a very substantial 36-22-34. 'I didn't go for that country too much,' was her only comment on that period.



But if school life was a disappointment she more than made up for it on returning to Paris. 'I guess you can say I freaked out,' she said. 'I did the whole thing, discos, night clubs – some weeks I just didn't sleep at all, there was no time.' It was temporary relief from the Parisian whirl that brought Jeanette to England, where she met Mayfair photographer Clive McLean. 'When I was asked to strip I thought, "What a gas" and said I'd love to.' But in spite of her name it is unlikely that she will linger in England's green and pleasant land. 'I've always been restless,' she told us. 'I suppose it's a kind of frontier spirit – always moving on – though I feel more European than American most of the time.' The wanderlust extends to Jeanette's

emotional life as well. 'Whenever I meet a guy I really like I always go over the top. Everything is there all at once and I just seem to get swept along, it's incredible', she breathed, her voice soft and husky with the faintest accent. But after a while it all slows up and one day I just switch off as if it had never happened. It used to worry me a lot at one time. Now it doesn't bother me. I'm just one of those rolling stone type people who have to have new things, new places all the time.' So beware; lively, intelligent, tantalisingly waif-like but in no need of protection from you or from anybody, tiny Jeanette Remain pursues a wild and wayward path all of her very own.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / JEANETTE REMAIN

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / JEANETTE REMAIN

When it comes to uniting nations,

En route through the travel trade, Rosalind Davies raises a few Herrs, gets lost

The other day Ann's husband had to go to this travel conference where, as a publicity stunt, one girl from each country was to appear in national costume.

Ann said that she wasn't going to twiddle her thumbs while her old man got sticky fingers in some foreign bird's honeypot. What was more, she definitely was *not* going to sit at home contemplating her crotch while dear hubby marked up yet one more notch on his vibrator.

I agreed. Once a man gets a foreign body into his system it takes some getting rid of. Suggesting that four eyes are better than two when it comes to spotting the furtive extra-marital grope, I offered to go along with her.

Of course, Ann was only concerned with keeping tabs on her husband's grabs – and rightly so. After all, there were enough would-be Miss Worlds about the place to make the most flaccid of men go off at half-cock. Hot-pantied man eaters all of them. Ann's hubby, being quite a dish would have made a very tasty whore's d'oevre for any one of them.

As for myself, it brought back memories of Bill and of my own brief spell in the travel business.

Bill was determined to be another Joe Lampton or at the very least a sort of working man's man-at-the-top. Ambitious to a fault he was. Well, I doubt if I shall ever forget our first weekend love-in at Brighton when he tried for the forty-eight hour all-comers record. I think he'd have made it too if he hadn't fallen off the bed and been too exhausted to climb back on again.

One of Bill's get-rich-quick schemes was to open a travel bureau – but a bureau with a difference. While he humped a sandwich board up and down the road advertising the place, I was to mind the shop and tempt the customers by appearing in a steady stream of national costumes. One week Miss Russia, another week Miss Canada, and so on.

We found a tatty little office in Kings Cross and, once we had persuaded the mice to go on holiday to the insurance agent next door, hey presto, we were in the travel business.

Before he left each morning to do the grand publicity tour, Bill would give me the sly grin and the knowing wink. 'Be nice to the customers,' he'd say. 'We need the money.'

Nice I was too. Even when I was Miss China/Japan I managed to keep smiling as I assured all seekers after the truth that 'no, mine definitely doesn't go the other way.' I even remained reasonably pleasant when

I'm in favour of national undress

in Scotch Miss, doodles with the Yankees and caps it all with the dolly Dutch

one guy trod on my kimono, causing it to collapse in a heap at my feet and so giving him living full-frontal proof of which way mine went.

The Fraulein at the travel conference looked really cute in her black and white costume. Cool too. No doubt, having her breasts perched out in the open was a help, but she could have kept cool anyway. She didn't have the aggravation that I had when I dressed up as Miss Germany for Bill.

Apart from one forceful character who actually tried to get me down in black and white, at least three other fellas noticed that I was minus German or any other knickers and tried to let their fingers do the walking – right through my black forest. (I would never have thought of dabbling with hair-dye down there but Bill was a stickler for detail – not that he was too happy about it later on that night, when, after a spot of urgent love-making, he discovered that he had six inches of zebra crossing.)

I even had trouble because of my German hair style. One lecherous old sod got really fruity over it.

'If only I could get you in that park up the road,' he said, 'I'd get a good grip on those plaits and it would be more than the answer that would be blowing in the wind.'

To cap it all, along came a genuine German tourist and insulted me rotten. 'Der fake Fraulein mit the big knockers but mit the no brain,' he said spitefully. Just because I said I didn't know who had won the World Cup.

Then again at the travel conference. The not so wee lassie from Bonnie Scotland. Did she have any trouble? Not a bit. But me? When I pretended to come from north of the border – nothing but trouble!

Perhaps I asked for it by wearing a bottomless kilt and turning both cheeks at the same time. I'll concede too that my tight yellow sweater and my bum-revealing green kilt were enough to tickle the jock out of any strap. But really – was that enough reason for all the men begging me to play with their pipes? Or for one old gent to say that if I was his wife he'd soon put a wee haggis in my wee oven and have me confined at home where I belonged?

I expect that the American girl in the natty drum majorette rig was propositioned at the conference quite a few times. After all, it was a pretty sexy costume. When I dressed the same way for my week as Miss USA, I almost had to ask for police protection.

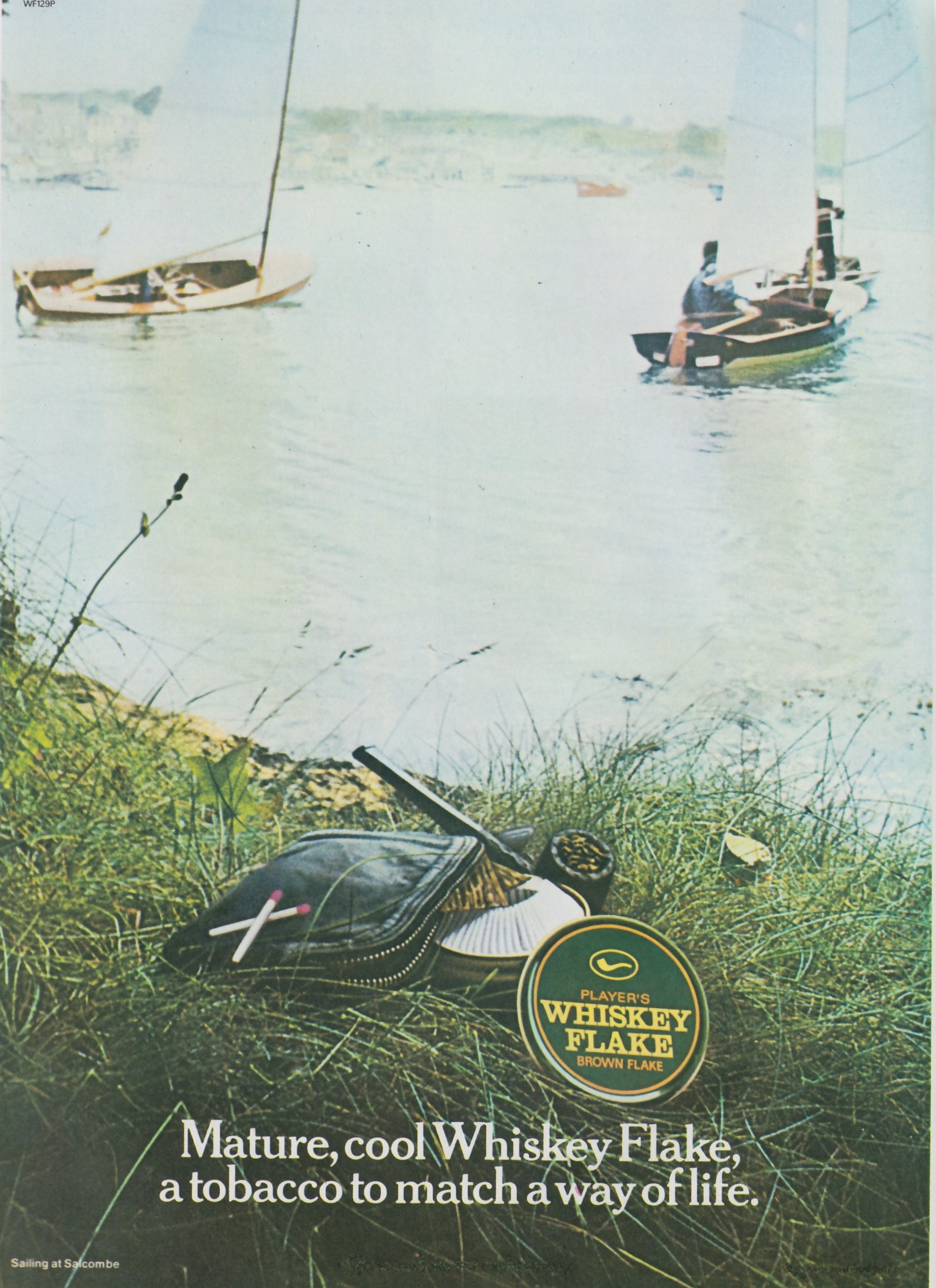
'God bless America,' one keen customer

turn to page 63

KATHERINE

One of the perks of the magazine business is that over-anxious publicity departments tend to shower us with sample goods and cosset us at cosy drink-ins. Unfair, you say. We're afraid it gets worse. Gently mulled after a gents cosmetics demonstration at one of London's plusher hotels we stumbled across Miss Katherine Hesterman, a willowy 28-year-old with a brisk line in sales patter and a refreshingly ardent manner. Sales patter? you ask. Yes, indeed. In these Women's Libbery days the seedy, sad-faced traveller in ladies underwear has been usurped by this elegant and very feminine jet-setter in gentlemen's toiletry. Intrigued, we moved closer, fascinated by Miss Hesterman's encyclopaedic knowledge of what men keep bottled up in the bathroom. Facts, figures, forecasts streamed computer-like from those soft, uncurving lips. No, we told ourselves. A lady so dedicated to the sweeter things of life would give not a thought to those smooth,

voluptuous lines so delicately hinted at beneath a smart business outfit. It was, we admit, with a certain winish indelicacy that we suggested we could see a lot lot more of her. 'I beg your pardon?' she replied. Blanching, we explained. It was like an iceberg turning turtle, sunny side up. Miss Hesterman shed smiles with only slightly more rapidity than her smart business outfit shortly afterward. Taking to nudity with the same briskness and efficiency that marked her business affairs, she revealed a sleek and spectacular 36–22–35 packaged for maximum appeal. 'I'd never have thought I had the body for this sort of thing,' confided the saleswoman most likely to send anti-perspirant sales rocketing.



WF129P
PLAYER'S
WHISKEY
FLAKE
BROWN FLAKE
Mature, cool Whiskey Flake,
a tobacco to match a way of life.
Sailing at Salcombe

continued from page 36

'Poor devil. He was only twenty-one.'

to fly without paying exhorbitant fees for instruction, and not to merely glide downhill, but to fly for hours in level flight. For those who yearned to get into the air, but had hitherto been prevented by lack of funds, the chance had come at last.

But what was done about it in Britain? Nothing at all. Nobody was interested.

Then in 1929, after a few tentative efforts in previous years, the discovery and utilisation of cloud soaring and 'storm riding' became established in Germany, and with it the exciting new sport of cross-country gliding was born.

Now at last interest was aroused in Britain. So many people wrote to *The Aeroplane* about these new developments that the magazine's editor called them together for a 'gliding lunch' at the end of the year. At that now famous lunch the present British Gliding Association was started.

In a few months after the inauguration of the BGA in 1930 nearly 100 gliding clubs appeared in Britain. Unfortunately most of these clubs were formed by people lacking any previous aviation knowledge with the result that the development and existence of these clubs, to say the least, was precarious. Coupled with the lack of money and gliders (the country was in a state of general depression) the initial surge of members began to tail off leaving only a hard core of enthusiasts to continue. The most famous of all British gliding clubs, The London Gliding Club – whose site and home is Dunstable Downs – became the first of this band of enthusiasts to find the right combination of money, gliders and instructors to survive the early days.

To meet the initial surge for gliders, two British companies, The British Aircraft Company and R. F. Dagnall, were formed to build primary gliders for the mushrooming clubs. They were soon joined by other manufacturers, The Dunstable Sailplane Company, who produced the Wren series of gliders, Zander and Scott, also of Dunstable, and Dart Aircraft Company, the most successful. None of them, however, are sailplane manufacturers today.

The progress in sailplane design during these early years was initially focused upon increasing the manoeuvrability and stability of the glider. The discovery of cloud flying and its attendant turbulence made these requirements a necessity. By 1936 the term 'high performance' was becoming part of the glider pilots vocabulary. Competitions, both national and international, were being organised and efficient glide angles with maximum penetration were expected to make the best of them. Designers now had to contend a great deal more with the intricacies of skin friction, wing loadings, aspect ratio and lift/drag curves. In other words the sailplane was becoming a complicated piece of equipment, no longer capable of being put together in a garden shed.

At this stage Germany was still the world's most advanced sailplane producer, although things were beginning to stir on the British gliding front. In Yorkshire an astute furniture manufacturer by the name of Fred Slingsby had built his first glider, which was to herald an era in British gliding which has not been surpassed. The name Slingsby was to become synonymous with the world's best sailplanes.

During their five pre-war years of manufacture, Slingsby Sailplanes had to struggle desperately to survive. The sole customers were the small number of clubs and a few wealthy private owners, and with little design experience they were forced to base their main products on successful German designs, the Grunau Baby and Phonadler. World War II brought other work. The the factory built parts for wooden aircraft such as the Anson and Mosquito. A prototype troop-carrying glider was also built, but unsound government specifications meant mass production was never achieved.

Towards the end of the war the Royal Air Force started the Air Training Corps and Slingsbys were given a large order for a docile training machine. They revived a pre-war design which originally sold for £85 called the Cadet. Together with a side-by-side two seater, the T.21B, this was the basis for their post-war success.

From the RAF order they went on to design and build better and higher performance gliders and in 1951 produced the Sky, an 18 metre glider, in which Philip Wills, Britain's great pioneer of gliding, went on to become world champion in Spain the following year.

Slingsbys continued to build successful machines and their production eclipsed that of the German manufacturers. Skylarks, Eagles, Capstans, Darts rolled from the factory. 1956 was another notable year when the British team, flying an Eagle, won the world two-seater championship in France.

However, all good things must come to an end. At the Argentine world meeting in 1963 the first of a new breed of gliders arrived on the scene. This was the German manufactured GRP sailplane which was to become the glider of the future. From that date the 'glass' glider has gradually improved and today it dominates in all competitions.

Unfortunately Slingsbys did not see the light at the time and concentrated their production on the wooden Dart series and consequently were left behind in a very competitive field. They made a supreme effort to catch up by manufacturing an American metal glider, the HP-14 under licence from Bryan Aircraft of Ohio. But the aircraft failed to live up to expectations. A further belated effort in the guise of a two-seater metal training glider, the T53, also failed, and by 1969 the company had gone into liquidation. Yet all was not lost. Vickers, the shipbuilding and aircraft combine, bought the assets of Slingsbys and started building GRP gliders under licence from Glasflugel of Germany. Under the able managing directorship of George Burton, himself a world class pilot and member of the 1972 British team, the company is once more producing world class sailplanes.

Sailplanes are today produced by many nations: USA, Russia, Poland, France and Australia amongst them. British design is still in the forefront. Sigma, the world's first variable geometry sailplane is now flying successfully and is entirely British designed and built, whilst Torva of Yorkshire are producing GRP gliders with the club market in mind. So perhaps the pendulum is swinging the other way once more, as more people in Britain take an interest.

No amount of explanation can capture the joy of gliding. Perhaps it is enough to say that of the thousands of people who turn to gliding each year, very few can escape its magnetism once they have experienced their first flight.

Gliding in this country is controlled by the British Gliding Association, 75 Victoria Street, London SW1, from whom lists of clubs situated throughout the country can be obtained.

ILLUSTRATION BY WURLITZER

Squeeze in, lie back and send your luggage on by rail

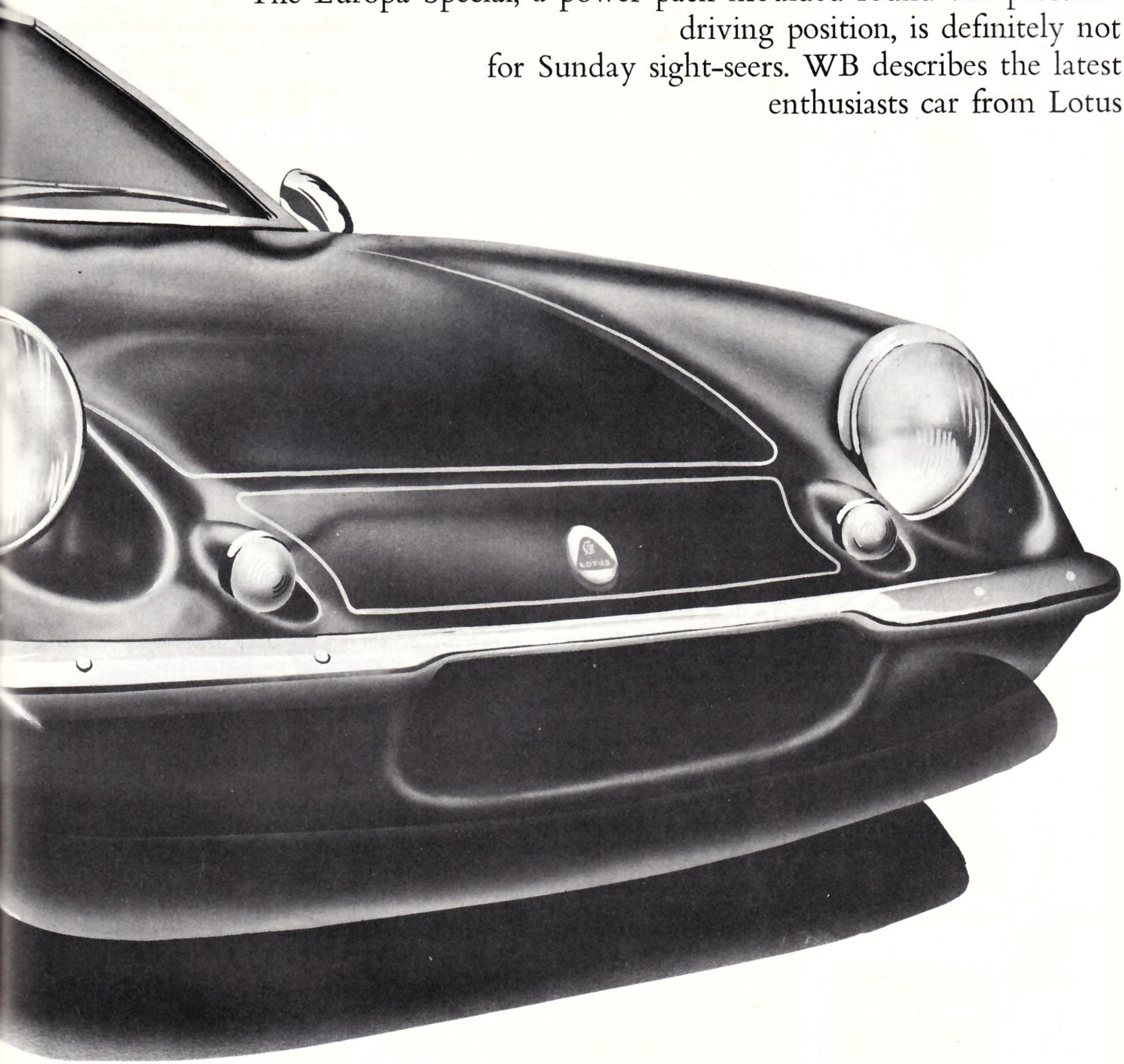
The name 'Lotus', has many attractions and fascinations. It represents a motor manufactury tucked away in Norfolk, convenient for aeroplanes, and free from any association with Britain's British Leyland complex of take-overs. It reflects the remarkable rise to millionairedom of Colin Chapman, who was once just an Austin Seven Special-building lad with petrol in his veins, like you and me. The name Lotus – don't ask me why Colin applied it to the car he made a fortune from – is also that of a race-bred car, of which there are precious few in England today. The Europa is the most sporting manifestation of these Lotus sports-cars. Chapman has scarcely ever failed to pull a fresh conception of the Grand Prix Formula One racer out of his design-bag when need and the winning of another Manufacturers' Championship has arisen, and he was early in the field with a mid-engined coupé, his Europa.

Mid-engined compact fast cars are bound to come and are already starting to arrive. The self-taught automobile engineer had evolved many top racing cars of many sorts, and had coerced the great Ford-of-Britain empire into building a complex piece of vee-eight machinery to fit into the tail of his Formula One cars. He had also successfully sold the glass-fibre Lotus Elite coupé, the road-clinging Lotus Elan, and the open Lotus Seven to many discerning enthusiastic drivers. So he naturally went early to mid-placing of the power pack. His first Europas had Renault engines and left much to be desired. But the conception was absolutely right.

Since then we have had an improved version with a twin-cam Ford-based Lotus four-cylinder engine. The current Europa has this engine in big-valve form, a Renault-based five-speed gearbox and disc/drum brakes. And it comes in a striking – for some too striking – black-and-gold Player's Gold Leaf finish, as a gesture to the organisation which sponsors Colin Chapman's own Formula One motor racing. This latest Lotus Europa Special pokes out 126 brake horse power at 6,500 rpm, which is over 20 bhp more than the smaller-valved version could boast of. It is a low, eyeable motor-car, which will set you back £2,720.

For that outlay you will have a possession which has not much to do with mere transportation. It will be difficult to climb into and alight gracefully from. Once in, you will be half on your back, holding a tiny steering-wheel. This may feel odd at first to those used to other cars. But as so many of Colin Chapman's friends drive like this in their racing cars, you can hardly blame him for

The Europa Special, a power pack moulded round the prostrate driving position, is definitely not for Sunday sight-seers. WB describes the latest enthusiasts car from Lotus

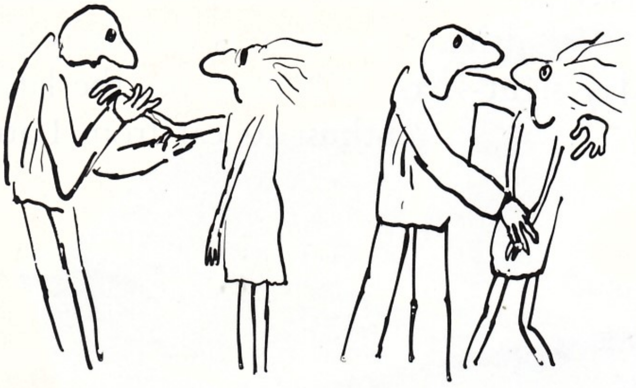


copying the obvious driving stance for such a sporting car. You will be unable to carry much more than a toothbrush, a change of underwear, and the girl-friend's night-gown, when you go touring in Europe in your Europa. You will need to remember the layout of the five-speed gear gate and shift the cogs with a fistful of gear lever. There will be a certain amount of noise from the engine behind you. But you will have joined the Lotus fraternity and you will have clusters of admirers round the Europa when you park it. Whatever your age, some of the glamour of the racing-ace will rub off, as you struggle into or emerge doubled-up from your black-and-gold Europa Special.

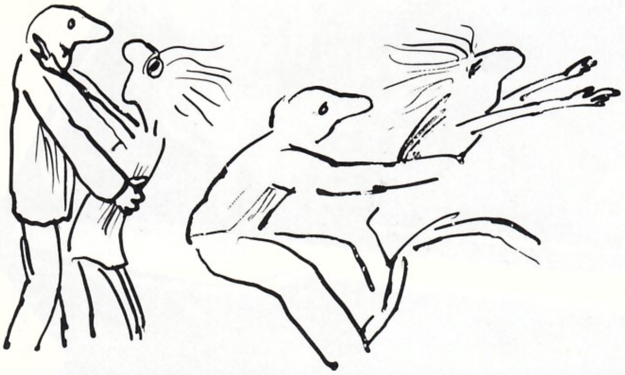
If these are facets of Europa-owning which do not attract you, the sheer fun of driving this Lotus fast along winding roads surely must. The mid-engined layout, allied to a few other things the wily Colin knows about keeping a fast motor-car on this island, will serve to glue your wheels to the deck. The low drag of this low-built plastic coupé will give you a top pace of over 120 mph and step-off to a mile-per-minute gait is of an order which leaves the district nurse just getting into second cog in her Minor 1000 (if this offends any particularly attractive district nurse, I'm quite ready to try to make amends). Chapman knew when he brought out the original Europa in 1967 that by putting the power behind the occupants and close to the driven rear wheels he could provide a well-balanced, light-to-steer, excellently-handling car, with the slippery-surface traction of a Beetle. Others knew this too and were prepared to try to cope with problems of noise too near the living room, lack of space for legs and luggage, and poor rearward visibility – 'No, really, officer, ninety in a 40 mph area!'

The elite of mid-engined motor cars are the Ferrari Dino and the Lamborghini Miura. British Leyland could have had a very good one indeed for less than Lotus price, if the Rover V8-powered coupé had been developed for production. I drove it and was highly enthusiastic. Alas, Lord Stokes was more concerned with Morris Marinas . . .

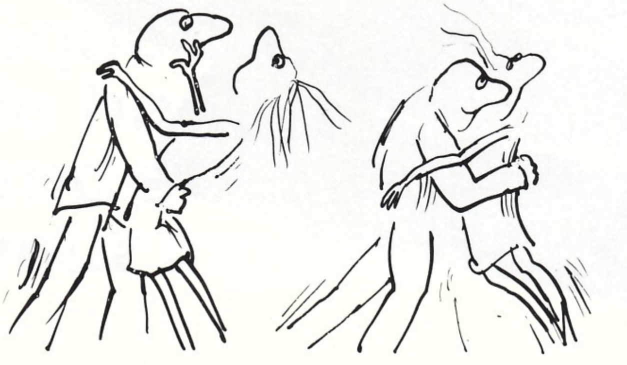
Anyway, thank St Christopher for Chapman. He builds all his cars for fun-loving drivers. He always has. I used to go to inaccessible Hornsey in London, to pick up a Lotus test-car, such as a Mark Eleven road-burner. Once there you had to get in, pretend that lying on your back and holding a wheel the size of a saucer was second-nature, try not to gasp at the noise from the exhaust, and slink out of the



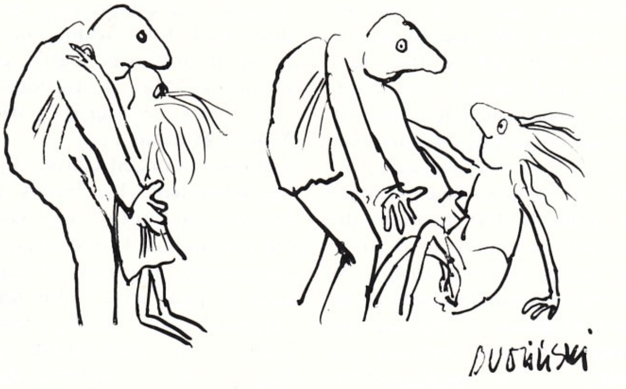
'Mary, darling. . . I cannot help my desire.



Let me kiss those virgin lips.



I am a man, with the weaknesses of a man.'



'What's that? – Weaknesses are ten pounds an hour.'

swarming metropolis, hoping to avoid the wrath of the fuzz. No tools, no spares, and if it stopped, as indeed the Mark Eleven did with ignition maladies before we let it loose on Silverstone, and you rang up to complain, you would be greeted only with earthy laughter, before the 'phone was hung up. No breakdown truck at Hornsey, I guess.

All has since changed. Now it's Wymondham not Hornsey. It's lunch in the Boardroom, with lesser executives waiting for Chapman to arrive and head the table, not a cuppa at a caff. It's travel for Colin, by air, instead of in someone's borrowed Lotus-Escort. Gone is the sleek little Elite of which it was said that if you pranged it the body would crumble up so that a shovel was all you needed to scoop it up. The Lotus Seven has become angular with age and, as a kit-car, is about to be Vatted. But the Elan very much thrives. And because Colin is aware of sex as well as speed he has tactfully brought out a 2-plus-2 version, for those whose family-planning has side-slipped.

But in whatever guise you join the fraternity, the brotherhood of race-bred Lotus owners, you will have fun. At my age, not long ago, I had it in a Lotus Seven, preferring to get home from an Open Day (lots of aeroplanes) at the Lotus manufactury, rather than re-enter the flying machine which had brought me there from Hampshire, all the way in dense fog. It was cold, it was close to the ground, but it was enormous fun, until the clutch packed up and all the hard-learned skills wouldn't enable me to change gear. (Lotus now have breakdown facilities, and they collected it on a trailer, which is how road-test Europas are delivered.)

I am quite convinced that people *like* owning race-bred cars, cars of makes which win motor races. In their better days Jaguar used to add the Le Mans wins to a medallion worn on the boot-lid. A Mercedes-Benz felt an even better car when Stirling Moss was winning great international contests in them. Retired colonels sat more upright in their Sunbeam Twenties in the nineteen-thirties, after Segrave had demolished an American mile at over 200 mph in a vehicle bearing the sacred Wolverhampton name. Today, you can have your Lotus.

It really is a race-bred, race-winning make. The genius Chapman has tried most things in Grand Prix racing – a monocoque body shell, a backbone chassis, aerodynamics, wings, ingenious suspensions, and many other tricks. It has been engineering which has paid dividends. Aided by Cosworth's wonderful Ford-paid-for V8 engine, the John Player 72D FI cars (dare I whisper they are Lotuses?) won the Manufacturers' World Championship and gave the brilliant Emerson Fittipaldi the Drivers' World Championship last year. That meant victories in 1972 at Jarama, Nivelles, Brands Hatch in the British Grand Prix (sorry, in the John Player Grand Prix), at the Osterreichring and at Monza. Stewart couldn't keep up.

Colin Chapman has talked of selling up Lotus and building aeroplanes. He now speaks of entering the luxury-car field. That, I suppose, means a glass-fibre 4-litre V8 32-valve twin-cam 2-plus-2 coupé or saloon. The four-cylinder Lotus sixteen-valve twin-cam engine which powers the new Jensen-Healey sports two-seater is there to double-up. The handling will obviously be superb, the hush presumably possible to attain, if Colin is serious. He has been reported as saying that if he makes executive cars he will drop racing, because it could detract from the Lotus image in this fresh field.

Well, we all grow old! Or is he joking? Or gently feeding-in the economics? Because I cannot think of any prestige car which has had its image dulled by racing, on the scale and as successfully as Lotus indulge in it. They were world champions in 1963, 1965, 1968 and 1970, as well as last season, with Colin Chapman's hand-picked Jim Clark, Graham Hill, Jochen Rindt and Fittipaldi beneath the respective laurel wreaths. But I can think of more than one company which was made insolvent by the cost of racing. Anyway, this is for the future. Meanwhile, if you can drive, if there are but two of you, if you have close on £3,000 to spend there is this very desirable, completely individualistic Lotus Europa Special in which to have fun. Boy, I envy you!

Eliminate the opposition

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CANOE ROYALE

Made by Dana, Paris, France, for men who make it everywhere.

Dana
PARIS-FRANCE

National Undress
continued from page 53

said as he pressed me against the wall and struggled to achieve the united state. Another fella sang what sounded like 'The Yanks are coming' and then made a grab for my panties. Obviously he'd been singing 'The Yanks are coming off.' Just one more yank and they would have been off too.

When I was with Ann at the travel conference I took particular note of the Dutch girl in her gorgeous green, crimson and white national costume. Not that I am kinky for tulips and cheese and most definitely not that I am kinky for other girls – Dutch or butch. No, it was just nostalgic because that happened to be my final role in Bill's non-money making travel saga.

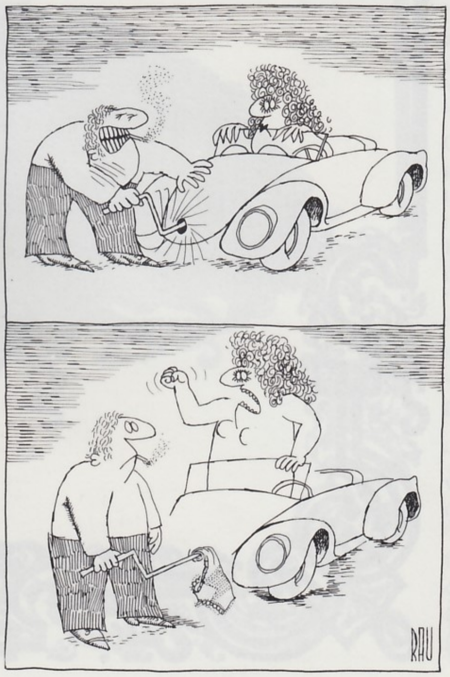
Funnily enough, it was the one costume I didn't want to get into because every time I think of Holland I remember myself as a tiny tot pressing my nose against the window of one of those surgical appliance shops in Soho. There I would stare in childish wonder at Dutch Caps, Whirling Sprays, and other such novelties.

Anyway, I did dress up in the Dutch national costume and it looked good on me. So good in fact that when Paul, a friend of Bill, came into our tatty travel bureau that day, it was love at first sight and he took me away from it all.

Money isn't everything but Paul had both feet on the ladder of success and it was nice to have a rapidly rising executive, up and coming – frequently!

As I said – it was love at first sight. Even when he lowered me down on the office carpet that very afternoon, I knew that Paul was the man of the moment for me.

And as Paul said when we finally got up from the carpet and he was helping me to get dressed again in the Dutch national costume 'Whew! I never had a hook like that in Holland.' At least I think he said hook but what with his cute lisp and him being out of breath at the time – well . . .



TIO PEPE

TIO PEPE

THE other sherry

PRODUCE OF SPAIN
GONZALEZ, BYASS
JEREZ
DRY FINO
ELEGANTE SHERRY
ELEGANTE

PRODUCE OF SPAIN
GONZALEZ, BYASS
JEREZ
MEDIUM DRY AMONTILLADO
CONCHA SHERRY
CONCHA

PRODUCE OF SPAIN
GONZALEZ, BYASS
JEREZ
SWEET GOLDEN
ROMANO CREAM SHERRY
ROMANO CREAM

SEDOSO
PRODUCE OF SPAIN
GONZALEZ, BYASS
JEREZ
SWEET AMOROSO
BRISTOL MILK SHERRY
BRISTOL MILK

by GONZALEZ BYASS

Chastity is fine, Cyn, but

Locking a maiden in iron was OK for the Middle Ages

'It's a chastity belt.'

'What on earth do you want with a chastity belt, Cyn? It just looks like a rusty old wrought iron bear trap to me.'

'I thought it was rather quaint, that's all.'

'*Quaint*? Cyn. Things quaint are by definition things daintily odd. If you can see something daintily odd in a hunk of deformed metal then I'd say you were pretty quaint yourself. What on earth do you propose doing with it, anyway? The mind boggles.'

'Don't be such a killjoy please, Michael.'

'A very apt remark seeing what we're discussing, Cyn. But what *are* you going to do with it?'

'I really haven't the faintest idea. I was rummaging round this cute little antiques fair and — if you'd given me the chance to tell you – bought these two old swords for the wall in your den and . . .'

'Oh — that was nice of you dear. Thank you. I'm really quite touched.'

'Yes, I know . . . Anyway, standing in a coal scuttle I saw this chastity belt.'

'Go on, Cyn. Tell me why you were standing in a coal scuttle.'

'I've had quite a busy day today, Michael. I'm tired and I've got a headache coming on. I know I'm smiling sweetly at you but if you look closely you'll see it's a fixed smile and it's very thin. These swords are quite sharp, actually. Would you like to see? They've already got dried up old blood rusted into the rivulets but there's still plenty of room for . . . a little more? Fresh?'

'Mmmm. I expect the chastity belt's a bit clogged an' all, if you'd care to scrutinise. But what *are* you going to do with it, Cyn?'

'*I – don't – know*. I'll think of something. Clean it up and hang it on the wall, probably.'

'Not in here you won't. There's enough bizarre junk festooning these walls as it is. Who else in Clarendon Mews has got a 35ft rhinoceros hide bull whip coiled above their mantelpiece and a suit of medieval armour wearing a hula skirt holding a coke bottle stuffed with paper sunflowers at the half port where the TV should be? Now, instead of a nice neutralizing Polperro fishing scene she wants to hang up . . . a chastity belt. No dice, kid. You find some other use for it'.

'All right. I'll wear it.'

'. . . Do what?'

'You heard. I said I'll . . . damn it yes, I will. I'll wear it.'

'You've just gotta be joking. Get that thing wrapped round your loins and you're there for life, kid. Like you needn't bother with the pill anymore. I'd have to take you down the garage in a wheelbarrow and let Syd loose with his oxyacetylene cutter and you'd still be lucky to get out unscathed even then.'

'Yes. But you'd be just as lucky to get in though, wouldn't you, sport?'

'Cyn, the object of that crude piece of early contemporary art was to deny access to unwanted suitors, while Ponsonby-Smythe I, was over the hill dealing disarray to the scurvy Saracens. Encased behind the cruel caress of that ironmonger's shop you're handling so fondly, were the succulently unsullied nether regions of *Mrs* Ponsonby-Smythe I, quivering gently on ice while they waited the old man's lust assuaging return. Access to that neolithic bird cage could only be gained by the insertion of a one-off key which dangled smugly on its far off master's belt somewhere on the Arabian peninsula. You couldn't nip into Syd's garage in them bad old days whenever you wanted a quick one. Do I make myself clear, Cyn?'

'No.'

'Oh. Well, what I mean is that it was contrived, designed, built, issued, locked and worn purely to keep intruders at bay while the Lord of the Manor was out getting the bread. When him come home all hot and steamy – him get it off and in. Pretty damn quick. So if you intend wearing it to keep me out, then you're misappropriating an antiquity for immoral purposes.'

'Shit.'

'I beg your pardon.'

'If you tried behaving more like a Lord of the Manor occasionally and less like an opportunist serf then I might reconsider my decision. But until such time I fully intend to don yon garment.'

'You'll get awful bed sores.'

'Won't.'

'*And* you'll ladder your tights.'

'Doesn't matter.'

'Everyone'll think you've slipped a disc.'

'Then perhaps I'll get some sympathy.'

'I agree, love, you'll need all the sympathy you can get wearing that thing. *Has* it got a key, by the way?'

'Don't know.'

'Well I suggest you make a point of finding out. Now – do me a favour, will you? I've got a stack of work here to catch up on. Right? Right. Good girl. G'night love.'

'OH YER STUPID BLOODY COW . . . WHAT YOU WANT TO GO AND DO THAT FOR . . . IT *HASN'T* GOT A KEY, HAS IT . . . NOW DO STOP CRYING . . . YES DEAR . . . it looks very nice . . . Oh, Christ . . .'

not for a warm knight

but Mike George finds today's dollies have the key

'But it rubs.'

'Yes dear. Of course it bloody rubs. Why didn't you get a rain barrel to wear over your head at the same time – we could have earned a fortune with you in the circus. You've managed to keep me at bay perfectly adequately for years with just a *bon mot* dropped here and there – now why this . . . this . . . *travesty*? It's nothing but a mockery . . . I mean . . . damn it, Cyn . . . kicks is one thing, but this is *ridiculous*. It's not in the least bit appealing . . . it's not even sexy . . . or, tarty . . . it's . . . Oh, Christ, Cyn, I reckon you've really gone and done it proper this time, haven't you, gal.'

'All *right*. But don't just stand there. *Do* something.'

'Like what, for instance, Cyn? Die laughing? I mean it's not as though I'm off to fight the Saracens in the morning, is it love? I'm home all day tomorrow. Not that I shall get much work done with this junkyard clanking around the place. Whatever possessed you to . . .'

'Can't you get it off, Michael?'

'The way I feel now, love – not never again, no how, I shouldn't wonder. Let's have a look . . . No, Cyn. If I forced this lot your pelvis and half your rib cage goes with it. I'm an artist, Cyn. One of the gentle people. If you'd wanted a psychotic metal worker for a spouse you should have thought about it earlier on before you . . . '

'Wha . . . what are you saying, Darling?'

'That I haven't got a hacksaw and if I had I doubt it would go through this lot and if it did there'd be two Cyns at the end of it. A top half and a bottom half and . . .'

'Heh . . . heh . . . heh . . .'

'There there, Cyn. It's all right, dear. I didn't mean it. Honestly, I only . . .'

'It's not that. I was just wondering if I could take it back and complain that it doesn't work . . . would they . . .?

'But it *does* work, doesn't it, Cyn! You're trussed up for keeps now until old Ponsonby-Smythe decides to come home for a bath. Actually, Cyn – I wonder if it *does* work?'

'What do you mean?'

'Well, look love, if the Lord of the Manor was away for two years at a stretch Mrs Lord would have been in an awful state if she liked . . . figs, for example. I mean, it's only a framework really, isn't it. Surely old Boss man must have been charitable enough to let his wife do a tiddle occasionally.'

'Mmmm. Perhaps that's why it's so rusty.'

'Astute observation, Cyn, but one which doesn't become you. You've got a point, though. That's quite a dinky little man hole you've got there. Although I'm not too keen on those serrated edges, I must admit. They make a mockery of modern technology, though, don't they?'

'I don't know what you mean.'

'Most ticklers are rubber these days, Cyn; and designed to agitate the Frau. Those jobs you're sporting down there are, well, different, to say the least of it. Anyway, faint heart never won fair lady and I'm nothing if not bold and daring, so here goes . . . *Geronimo*!'

'Don't be *too* bold though, Michael. You may live to regret it.'

'Never. *Coorrr*. Would you believe it? Look at that. No problem at all, Darling. *Wop*. Straight up. It works. I mean it doesn't work. You've been sold a pup, kid. We'll take it back and change it in the morning.'

'Oh, if only we could, there was a lovely pair of Victorian bellows I wanted to get. But I suppose the boys were bigger in those days and the original specifications for this piece of kit weren't intended to keep you contemporary cowboys in check so really I'd have no grounds for complaint, would I?'

'How do you know they were bigger in those days, Cyn?'

'Well I don't, but everything was, wasn't it – I mean, their castles and animals and trees and so I just assumed . . . oh, get *on* with it, won't you. You're creeping about down there like a burglar. Couldn't you . . . well . . . swish it around a bit?'

'I am a burglar, aren't I Cyn? I haven't got the key, have I! . . . Joke, Cyn. Joke?'

'Oh do come *on*. Move.'

'Don't be bloody silly woman. This thing's a potential death trap we're frigging about with, you know.'

'Oh, Michael . . . I'm bleeding.'

'Christ. No, you're not, love . . . it's . . . Oh God, it's *me*. Oh Mother. What have I gone and done now? You always told me to leave weird things alone. Now look at me. Torn. Ripped. Split asunder. Cyn, Darling – promise me you'll promise me one thing, will you?'

'What's that?'

'Promise me you'll never ever tell a living soul about this. They'd never believe it anyway but just in case they did . . . Cyn . . . please?'

'Morning Mike. Morning, Cynthia. Lordy, what's up with you, love? You slipped a disc, or something?'

'Syd. Er . . . look, Syd. You're never going to believe this. I wonder if I could use your oxy cutter. Well . . . it's like this, Syd. Cyn and I belong to this amateur theatrical group and the other evening . . .'

WAR GAMES

continued from page 18

replied in an infuriatingly calm voice: 'Control yourself Lacey.'

Lacey opened his mouth but the words would find no order and his throat spluttered.

Walton went on. 'Of course there's a war going on. We happen to be in the middle of it and have a lot to do. We will be better able to do it without your interference.'

Lacey stared open mouthed at Walton who stared equably back. He looked at the marine sergeant who had followed him through the cloisters of Barchester Towers only the week before and now gazed blankly at middle distance with concentrated military composure.

He took Walton's advice and controlled himself. He leant forward with his hands on Walton's desk and tried again. 'Look. The army has been given a pounding. They've turned it in and run away. Thousands have been killed. Nobody's going to stop those bastards now, least of all you and a handful of school cadets. So what's the point? What the hell are you trying to prove?'

Walton gazed calmly back and said, 'Sergeant, see if you can rustle up some tea for us.'

He waited till the youth had left and then said, 'You are a civilian Lacey, and not entitled to answers.' As Lacey began to protest he went on, 'But you are a former colleague, and may be misguidedly acting in what you think to be a responsible manner. Therefore I shall tell you what we are doing.'

He hesitated, looked at the map, and then said, 'We are going to hold a strategic position at the bridge in an effort to delay the enemy advance.'

He let the words sink in despite Lacey's obvious impatience.

'This will allow our troops time to re-form in fresh positions and prepare for a counter offensive. Every hour counts. The longer we hold the bridge the more time our troops will have to prepare.

'That, Lacey, is what we are doing.'

Lacey hung his head in frustration. He looked up and asked, 'What the bloody hell do you think this is? The Alamo? You haven't a cat in hell's chance of delaying anybody. You'll all be shot to pieces, you and your piddling toy soldiers. It's senseless.'

Walton stood abruptly. Lacey noticed his moustache quiver before he actually spoke. When he did speak, the words were cold and concise.

He said, 'We may be shot to pieces Lacey, and you may think it senseless. But we are not piddling toy soldiers. We are taking this very seriously. You, obviously, do not have the moral fibre to realise what we are doing. Although you are a civilian you are in a front line fighting zone and under my jurisdiction. I would now like you to leave before you try my patience too far with your subversive talk. I would remind you that I have certain summary powers in such situations.'

Lacey stared at the military figure before him and slowly took in the threat. He could still hear the distant thunder of guns and a deep and far away rumble as the machinery of war lumbered closer. He became aware of his briefcase still in his hand and suddenly longed for the safety of the driving seat of his sports car. He knew he did not have much time.

He started speaking quickly, 'Look, I'm sorry at the way I spoke, but the cadets, the boys. They don't know how to kill, how to fight. Is it fair to ask them to die for a bridge that no-one even took the trouble to demolish? Is it that important? Must their lives be given for it?'

Walton smiled frostily. 'You are right. You don't have much time. If you are going you had better go now while you still have the chance.' His smile widened. 'You tried. I'll vouch for your conscience if you like. You have done "your duty" ' – he emphasised the words – 'now leave us to do ours.'

There was a knock at the door and the marine sergeant reappeared carrying two mugs of tea. He put them on the desk and returned to his position to the left of the desk and one pace to the rear.

Lacey and Walton stared at each other. Without changing his stare Walton said, 'Sergeant, who asked the cadets to stay?'

The youth came to attention and said, 'No one sir, we volunteered.'

Walton maintained his gaze and said, 'Has anyone changed his mind?'

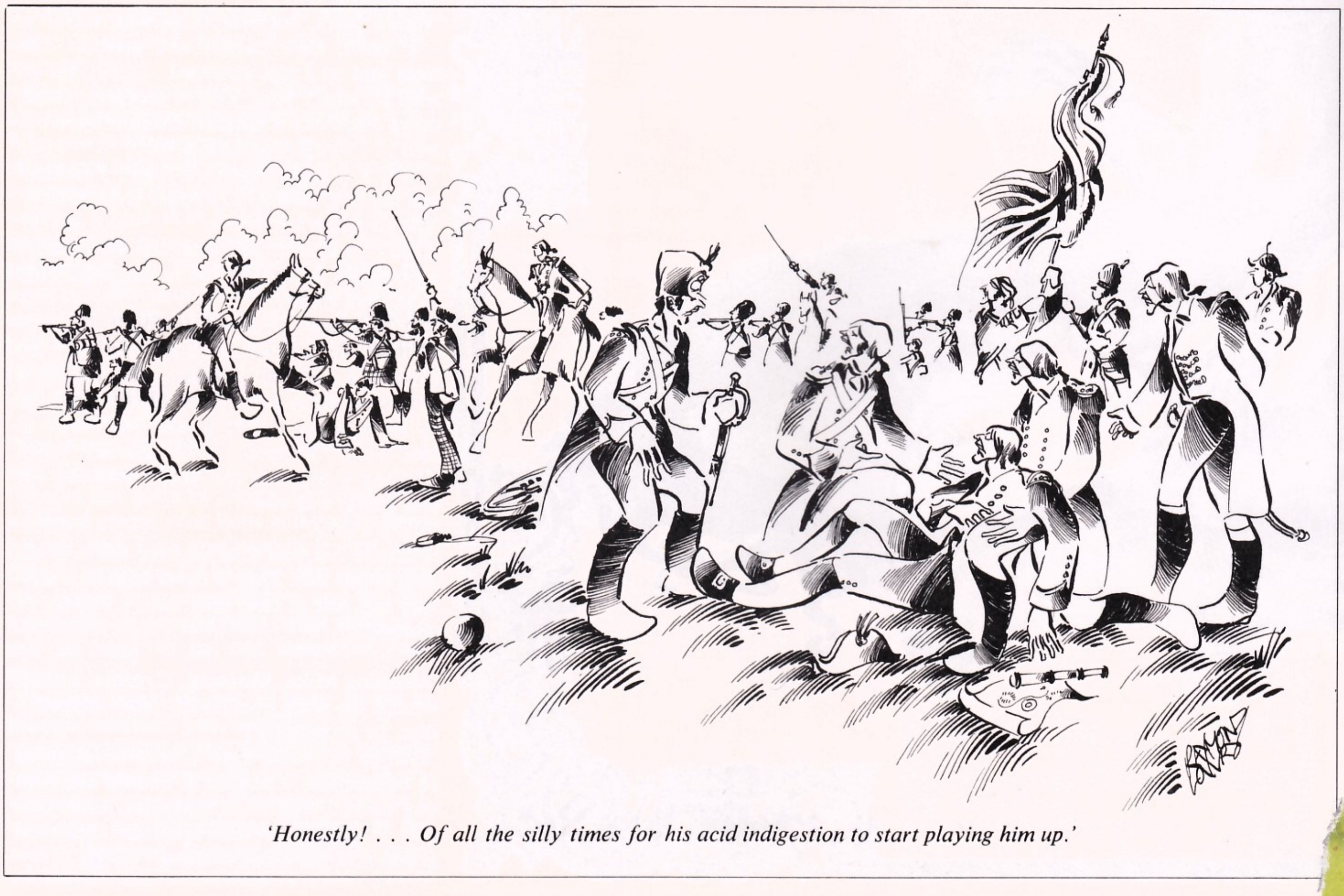
'No one sir.' The words came back like machine gun bullets.

Walton raised his eyebrows at Lacey and said, 'Would you like to ask Sergeant Black anything?'

The youth remained at attention and Lacey turned to him. He said, 'Do you realise what you are doing?'

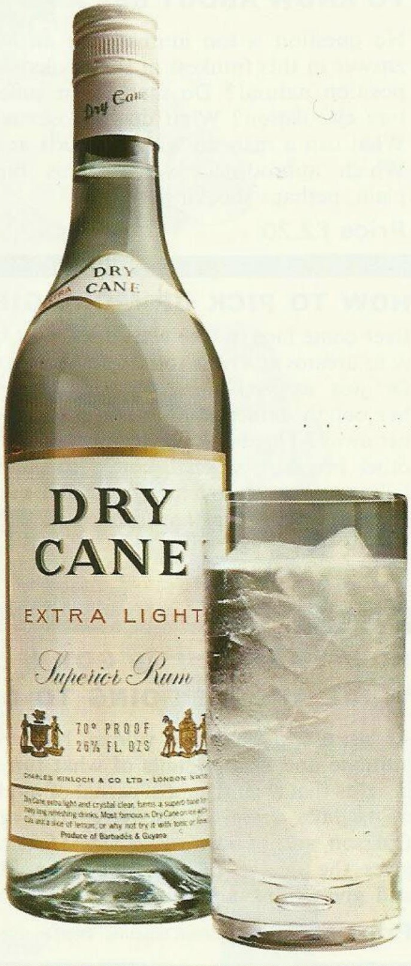
There was no hesitation in the reply. 'Yes

turn to page 83



'Honestly! . . . Of all the silly times for his acid indigestion to start playing him up.'

Introducing a beautiful drink from an unbearable place.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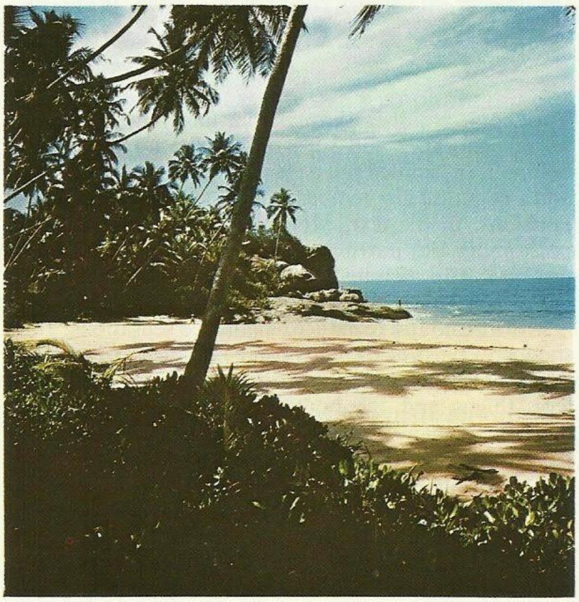

The unbearable place.
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Imagine the beautiful white sandy beaches, the sparkling blue surf.

The hot Caribbean sun.

Unbearable.

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Add to the unbearable picture of the Caribbean all the beautiful girls that parade up and down the beaches, bronzed and wearing virtually nothing but sun tan oil.

Life should slowly become too much to bear.

It's in situations like these when you're under great stress that you need Dry Cane or a Dry Cane mix to cool down.

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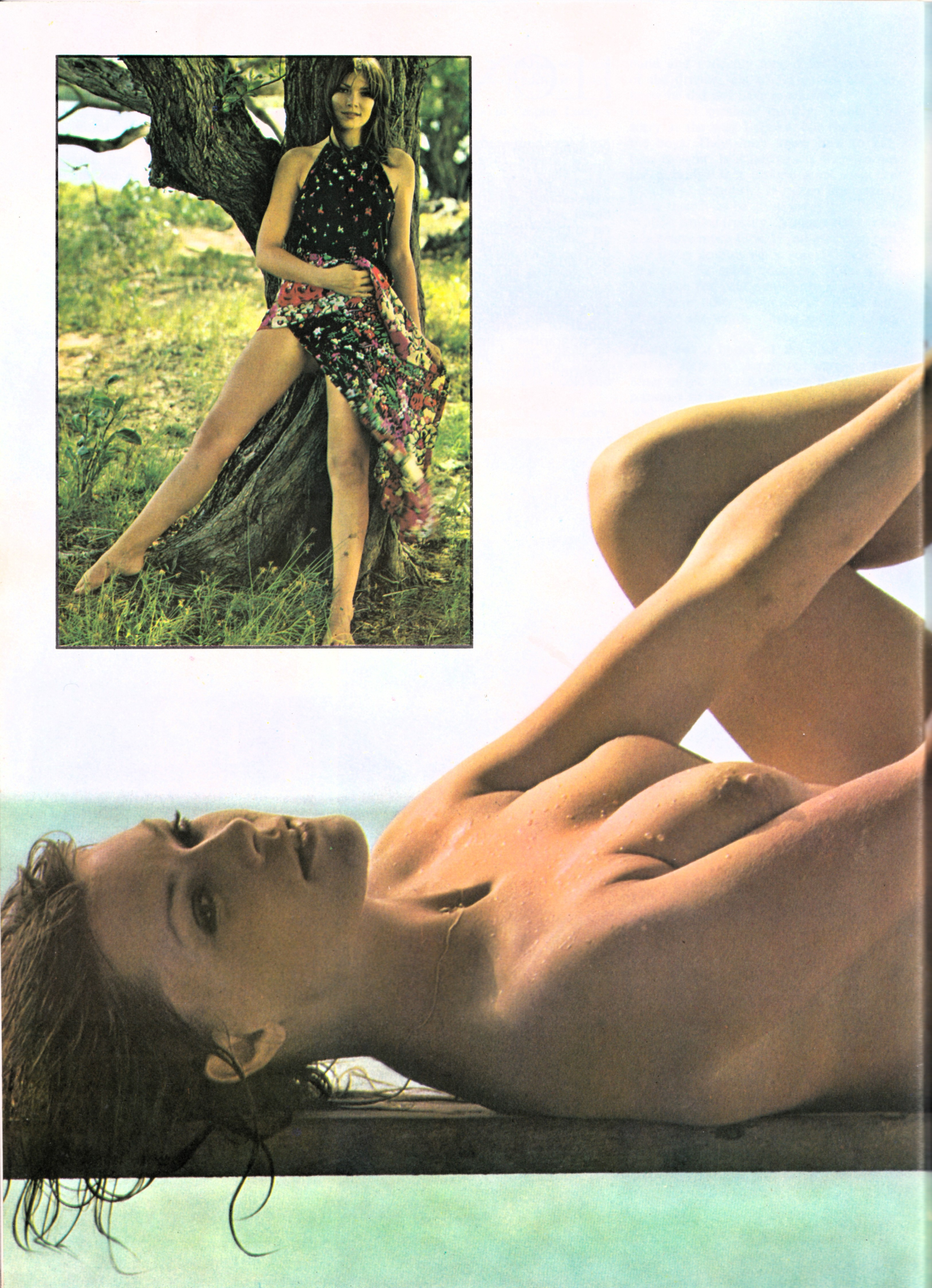
Pour Dry Cane over ice cubes in a tall glass.
Add a dash of lime and top-up with Soda.

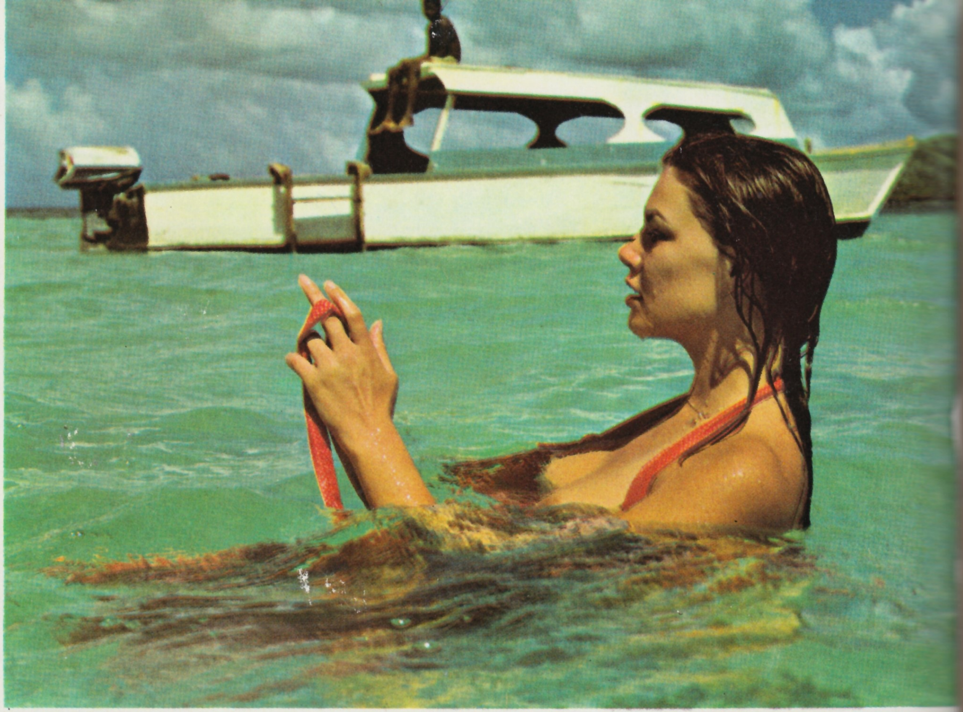
Beautiful Dry Cane. For when life gets too much to bear.

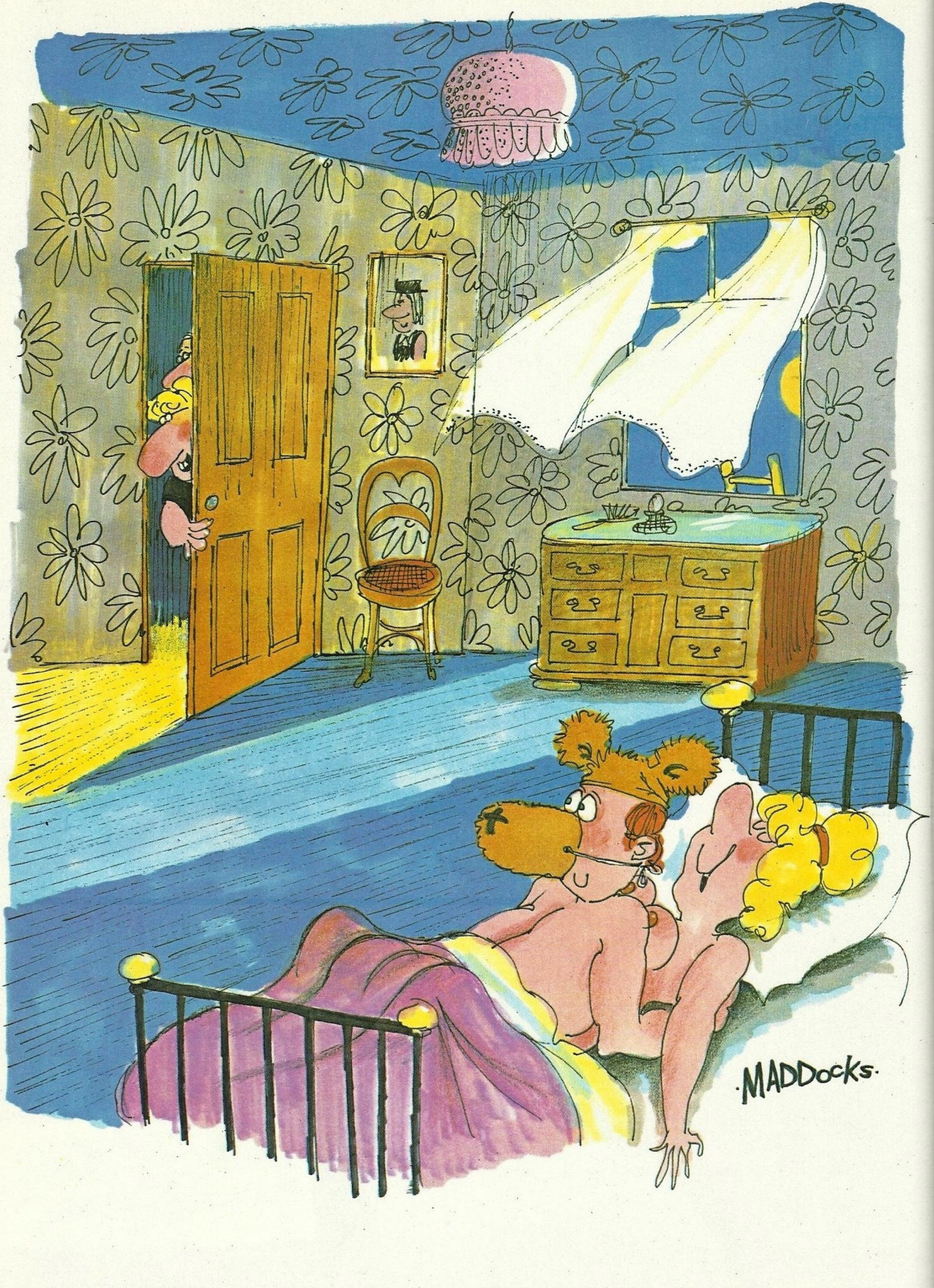
LEONORA

Breakers froth on shimmering sand, a hundred yards offshore the coral gleams whitely through crystal-clear, fish-flecked water; slipping from the cover of thick, tall-fronded forest, on to the wide, Bahamian strand, steps a girl – tall, sun-bronzed, statuesque and nude. Moving quiet as a wood nymph, soft and shy as a forest fawn Leonora heads for the sea, head erect, eyes clear, nipples taut for the first touch of ocean. That was how our photographer first spotted lithe Leonora early one morning on a deserted Atlantic beach. Would she



pose? he asked. 'Why not?' she said. Aged 23, 5 feet 8 inches, 36–24–36, English, the facts tell little. 'I'm a secretary,' she said. 'I'm working for an American oil company in Nassau for six months.' Her manner was elusive, coquettish, always unconcerned. No special interests, no hobbies, nothing she liked doing best, except being alone and swimming. Swimming nude? 'I'm just doing what I want, when I feel like it. You can do that here.' Momentarily the façade of casualness slips. 'I was divorced,' she said. 'Now I'm taking things as they come.' Alone, naked, uncaring on a remote, sun-washed beach.





'It's like our daughter's never been away—cuddling her Teddy just like she used to!'

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Five

The sexual act demands excitement of the most sensitive parts of the body, the parts that react most instinctively to touch. But what happens when this sensitivity is so highly susceptible to feeling, that love making fails to fill its delight? This month Quest talked to three girls who needed more attention than most in their love. Because of their highly-developed senses they wanted more to their love-making than men can naturally offer. In their craving to find sufficient pleasure to quench their aroused state, they found help in such unlikely materials as trifle and whipped cream. Only with these additives to their activities could they feel completely satisfied.

INTRODUCTION

This month Quest takes up an unusual side of sexual behaviour and discovers that some girls are particularly intrigued by their own genitals, and make them an object of sexual ritual.

Many of the surveys have been concerned with what turns men and women on, what games they like to play, how they prepare themselves for sex. But now Quest has found girls whose centres of sexual pleasure are so highly charged they enjoy special attention not only to stimulate their love making, but sometimes as an alternative to making love.

Of the women who talked to Quest on this subject, three were acutely aware of their own predilections. But in each case it took a particular event to rouse them into realising it. With one woman, it didn't occur until after she had been divorced. The cool salty water of an innocent midnight swim brought it out in another of the girls, and the third found herself being turned on by a prank involving shaving cream at the factory where she worked.

Once these girls realised that their sexual centres were particularly sensitive they had set a precedent for their lovemaking. One of them regularly shaved her pubis – not an uncommon practice, though the reasons for doing it may vary – but she found that this only increased the need for her sensitivity to be totally appreciated.

These revealing interviews throw light on the problem of what women do when lovemaking and the rituals some enjoy.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One **Secretary, 25 years old, blonde, town of origin Chester**

This interviewee had been educated at private school. Her father was a wealthy pub owner. After leaving school she had first helped to manage a friend's boutique, then had spent six months travelling in Europe. On her return she had taken a secretarial course and now worked for a large finance company. She shared a flat with one other girl.

Quest: Do you actually believe that your sex is the focal point of your body?

Secretary: Is that what we're going to talk about?

Quest: If you are willing to, yes.

Secretary: It's a very direct question – like trying to chat me up in a rather crude way.

Quest: And you're not used to that?

Secretary: On the contrary, the higher they aim the cruder they are. It's a kind of shock tactic.

Quest: Who's 'they'?

Secretary: Some of the executive types for instance. Utterly charming with it, of course, but like kids. Some would run a mile if they were taken up on their suggestions. They couldn't be sure of the type of woman who reacted too quickly. I think many men prefer a girl who pretends she doesn't quite know what it's for until he shows her.

Quest: Which brings us back to your sex.

Secretary: Look, a girl can't just start talking about something like that without some help.

Quest: Are you easily controllable sexually?

Secretary: I suppose I must be just over sensitive there. With some men it seems as though just the touch of a finger starts me off, no, literally, I'm quite serious. I find it very hard to fight.

Quest: Once that stage is reached the man is completely in control?

Secretary: If you mean, have I been forced into doing things I didn't really want to do, then not really. You could say that with a man I fancy it makes it very easy for him to get his own way, especially if he's interested in that part of me.

Quest: You're very aware of it being a centre of sexual pleasure?

Secretary: I've always been very aware of a desire for men to admire me sexually.

Quest: To worship it?

Secretary: I think that's overstating it. It's not as though I wear very revealing clothes particularly, or push myself at men or, well, anything like that.

Quest: But it plays an important role in your sexual activities? I mean your own need to be admired?

Secretary: Well, Peter taught me to feel that my vagina was a desirable object. He started by looking on it as though, well, as though it was an object. I think it's the same as a woman admiring a man's penis.

Quest: Does your sex evoke great admiration?

Secretary: You're making me sound like a freak now. What do you make of 'porcelain china and teddy bear fluff'? That's what Peter described it as. He thought it was very unusual that I had blonde pubic hair as well. Apparently even a lot of natural blondes don't.

Quest: How long ago did you have an affair with Peter?

Secretary: Just after I left school, when I was working in a boutique that a friend owned. I was still living with Mummy and Daddy and doing odd things around the pub in the evenings. Peter wasn't much older than me but he was very mature. He seemed very sophisticated and manly to me then.

Quest: Were you a virgin at that time?

Secretary: I'd made love with two other boys, one of them, Jimmy, was while I was at school. We were both very fumbly and awkward. I wanted to see what it was about so I wasn't very much help. I remember some time afterwards he took me out again. I think he was terribly disappointed in me. He found I was a very different girl to the one he'd first made love with. Instead of a tense, passive girl I was without any panties, lifting my skirts up and showing off my blonde curls.

Quest: Where did that happen?

Secretary: I hadn't seen Jimmy for a while and he 'phoned up out of the blue, just after I'd broken up with Peter. We made a date – just for old times sake, really. We went out to a pub near Delamere Forest in his car. It was a beautiful late summer evening if I remember and we'd had several drinks and talked a lot when I suggested going down to the edge of the forest and watching the sunset across the lake at Mere.

Quest: Was this purely to appreciate the sight?

Secretary: I'm not sure whether that was all I was thinking about. When we got there we walked among the trees. I didn't have any panties on, just a skirt and boots that came up to my knees. I hadn't really thought about it in the car or the pub, the fact that there wasn't anything between me and whatever I was sitting on, but as soon as we got to the trees, I just lifted my skirt up at the back and sat in the grass, and rubbed myself just a little against the ground. It was so nice to feel like that.

Quest: Did you always go without panties at that time?

Secretary: Ever since I went out with Peter I haven't. I usually wear tights now but still not panties. I didn't wear tights that evening with Jimmy though, I remember. I just remember sitting like that on the grass and ferns and feeling the need for it just starting to overwhelm me.

Quest: What happened then?

Secretary: Well, Jimmy sat down beside me and put his arm round my shoulders. That was really our first physical contact that evening. I asked Jimmy whether he fancied me. I think he was surprised I was so forward. He turned to me and started kissing me and straight away I took hold of his hand and pulled it up under my skirt to my thigh. He went on kissing me and squeezed my thigh. I pulled him back so we were both lying, me on my back and Jimmy on his side. I bent my knees and pushed my legs apart so my dress slid back down to my waist. Jimmy was squeezing my thigh so I got hold of his hand again and tried to lead his fingers into me. I started to squeeze my thighs round his hand but he was so surprised I felt him pull away. He just sat there staring at me. His hand had gone down to my knee. I sat up too and said: 'Jimmy, don't you want to touch me?' But he looked away and mumbled something. I was desperate for him to touch me and look at me so I got up on my knees and knelt in front of him and lifted up my skirt and touched myself and said: 'Look, Jimmy, please, I want you to do this.' He was obviously shocked but I had gone too far to stop myself. I was all hot down there. Nothing else really mattered at all. I didn't necessarily want to make love. I wanted to be given an orgasm with his fingers and his mouth or anything, not so much just have him lying on top of me squashing me. That's something I haven't really told you about. I suppose you'll say it's all part of wanting to have my sex worshipped. I think it's what Peter first made me realise – that I seem to get more from other aspects of sex than just penetration.

Quest: Did Jimmy appreciate this?

Secretary: I stood in front of him. He was still sitting down, and I tried to squat as though I was sitting on his shoulders facing him. He did make a half-hearted attempt to kiss me again. I kept asking him if he didn't fancy me anymore. I think he still wanted me to be the same as the last time, a nervous young girl pretending not quite to know what my sex was for until he showed me. I realised after that I couldn't just do what I'd done with Peter with every man. I knew I had to be much less dominating and let the man think he was in control of the situation.

Quest: How did it happen with Peter?

Secretary: I first met him when I was in Daddy's pub, helping behind the bar. I thought I fancied him the first time I saw him. I served him personally and flirted a little and he asked me out that first night. We went out together several times before he actually did anything. You have to remember this was before that time with Jimmy in Delamere Forest and I still wasn't really completely sure of what sex was all about.

Quest: But Peter changed that?

Secretary: With Peter I realised how important that particular part of me was. When I was young I once sat in some wet mud, I fell in it really, and I didn't understand why it felt so funny and naughty and wonderful all at the same time, even through my clothes. Things like that are terribly confusing when you're just going through puberty. You feel it's wrong to feel pleasure at touching yourself or letting someone else touch you but you don't know why it's wrong.

Quest: Peter made the first move?

Secretary: He took me midnight bathing and I couldn't believe anything could be so terrific. He knew a place on the Wirral where he could drive the car on to the beach. The water was lovely and warm too because the beach was so shallow the sun warmed it during the day. He didn't actually suggest the midnight bathing until we'd called at several pubs. He had a fast little sports car and it was warm enough to have the roof down even in the dark. I was just thinking about getting home when he suggested going bathing. I told him I hadn't got a swimsuit and he said: 'No-one will see.' I told him he'd see and he said that was the idea, he wanted to see. The thought of that was very exciting so I went along with him to see what happened. It wasn't actually midnight bathing, it was only about half past ten when he drove onto the beach. He turned to me when we stopped and said: 'Can I watch?' I told him he was very naughty and I wasn't going to get undressed until he got out and turned his head away. He laughed at that. As soon as he was out of the car he turned away from me and started undressing. When all his clothes were off he turned round quickly and caught me watching him. His penis wasn't erect or anything. I suppose that disappointed me in a way. He ticked his finger against his nose as though he was telling me off and then waved for me to follow and ran down to the water. There was enough moonlight for me to see him splashing about in the water. I thought, nothing ventured, nothing gained and started getting undressed myself. I did keep my bra and panties on though. I didn't feel quite confident enough to just strip naked and rush off into the sea with him, I mean, we had hardly kissed each other up until then, just friendly goodnight kisses.

Quest: Had you any particular urge at this time to be admired?

Secretary: Not specifically. I'd had several drinks and though I kept my bra and panties on I think I was generally anticipating sexy things, not particular things, more a general glow of anticipation.

Quest: Please go on.

Secretary: When I got down to the water's edge I couldn't see Peter anywhere. I called his name several times and got rather worried that he'd swum off or nipped back up the beach while I wasn't looking. I waded in a bit further until the water came halfway up my thighs and called him again. I was standing there trying to see into the darkness when suddenly he jumped up right beside me. I shrieked in surprise and put my hands to my breasts because my heart felt as though it was trying to jump through my ribs. It was a rather frightening thing to do and I told him so. I was shivering a bit, though it wasn't at all cold in the water. When he put his hands on my waist they were warm and wet and the water trickled down to my panties. I found that very arousing, just the water trickling down my skin. He was so gentle and sure. I stood in the water and let him press himself against me. He was dripping wet and his body was slippery against mine. I could feel him wet through my bra and panties. He pulled my hands away from my bra and put them round him. Then he brought his lips down on my mouth and really kissed me until I thought I was going to faint, I could hardly breathe. I could feel he was very hard against me but what shook me was the way his hand was cupping me through my panties. I hadn't noticed him putting it there but I could feel his fingers strong and firm and wet right through the cotton. In fact when he took his hand away they were sticking to me.

Quest: Did he take them off.

Secretary: Not until he'd well and truly dunked me in the water. He held my hand and started leading me out deeper until I was jumping every time a wave broke over my panties. It was almost like being back in that mud again, it was so warm and funny. Then he took me in his arms again and kissed me until I just wanted to melt all over him. This time he unfastened my bra and pulled it up over my breasts and rubbed his damp chest against my nipples. He stopped kissing me and scooped up handfuls of water and started dousing my breasts. It went everywhere and my panties were sticking like a transparent skin. I started laughing and scooping water at him and finally he made an obvious lunge at me and I fell over backwards. I couldn't stop laughing even though I was spluttering sea water. It was fabulous. We danced around and fell over, me with my bra hanging off and Peter with a great salty erection. It was fabulously crazy and I felt terribly sexy. I knew that if he didn't do something soon I was just going to grab him by his erection until he did.

Quest: And did you?

Secretary: I didn't have to. I was lying in the water, floating on my back and letting it ripple and wash all over me when I felt Peter touching my legs. He said he was going to teach me how to float properly. I told him not to be silly, I was floating already but he'd already come beside me and put one hand under my bottom and the other under my shoulders and the hand under my bottom was caressing me up between the tops of my thighs. It was a sensation I didn't want to stop. My whole body was relaxed and my legs were slowly floating further and further apart as he put his fingers up inside the elastic of my panties and they started exploring me just along the outside. Then he started kissing my breasts and putting his mouth very close and trying to blow the water away. I pushed him away from my breasts down towards my legs. That was suddenly where I wanted him to be and he knew it. He was standing beside me in the water with both hands inside my knickers and when I put out my arm I caught hold of his erection and just held onto it. I could feel myself beginning to shudder and I thought I was going to have an orgasm right then.

Quest: Had you reached orgasm before in intercourse?

Secretary: No. And it didn't happen at that moment either because Peter stopped. My first orgasm happened very shortly afterwards in the shallows when Peter pushed me down in just a few inches of water and pulled my panties off. He began to brush his fingers against me there and I shamelessly arched my bottom off the sand and tried to urge him on. At first he cupped me in his palm and rubbed me, then he put his fingers in and pushed my lips apart and started working them in and out and when I looked he was staring at it, saying: 'What a beautiful little thing,' or something like that, over and over again.

Quest: Did he actually make love to you?

Secretary: He brought me to orgasm first with his fingers and his mouth. He kept kissing me and then moving his fingers and saying how salty I was. Then he did make love to me but I didn't have another orgasm. He didn't last very long and he pulled out and did it on the sand. I was still getting over the first orgasm. I was

half inclined to lie there in the water all night.

Quest: How did your relationship develop?

Secretary: We went out together almost every night for several months after that and I only ever wore panties once and then he told me off and said he wanted me ready and available at any moment. He wanted to know I was always ready but he still liked to go down on his knees and beg for it or pretend to beg for it as though it was the only thing he wanted.

Quest: Was it this attitude of his that influenced your sexual habits or had that desire already formed?

Secretary: I think it was there in me. Peter just brought it to the surface.

Quest: Have you flaunted it since and then withheld it to get what you wanted?

Secretary: I wish I could but I find it difficult to stop myself. When I think of a man I start burning and I don't want to withhold it. I just want to flaunt it because a man's appreciation is what really gets me going, but that's no good without sex to follow is it? I just like to be admired really.

Quest: Thank you.

Two **Clerk, 20 years old, black haired, town of origin Widnes**

This interviewee had left school at sixteen and worked for two years as a machine operator in a clothing factory. After leaving home and moving south she trained with another firm to become a wages clerk. She shared a flat with three other girls and at the time of the interview was engaged to be married.

Quest: Tell me about the factory custom you mentioned earlier.

Clerk: The initiation ceremony you mean? It was just high spirits really. There wasn't any harm in it. There were nearly two hundred women working there and a handful of men – something like that is bound to happen when you've got a lot of women and not many men. It was bad enough when the women's darts team took its annual outing. Most of them were married but they were all talking about meeting a sexy man and they meant it too.

Quest: What happened in these initiation ceremonies?

Clerk: If there was a new man there, the girls would gang up on him, say in the tea-break or the lunch hour. There might be fifteen or twenty of us and we'd hustle the poor bloke into the ladies rest room for instance and half would hold him down while the rest de-bagged him. I should think a lot of the blokes enjoyed it, really. They could have broken free if they'd wanted. The idea was to find how big it was and put the measurement up on a chart in the powder room. You read a lot of things about men being held down and women sitting on them – I shouldn't think it happens often, it never did with us, though it always seemed the married girls who were most interested in getting the men hard. The rest stood round and giggled and had a good look. But then none of the men who worked in our place were very desirable.

Quest: This was all that happened?

Clerk: And one other thing. The girls had a special tin of black boot polish they used to put on them when they had their trousers down. The men weren't expecting that until it was too late.

Quest: We hope they didn't use a brush to put it on.

Clerk: No, but it's surprising how difficult it is to get the stuff off afterwards!

Quest: Did this ever backfire on you?

Clerk: Beryl, my flat mate told you, didn't she.

Quest: I'm not mentioning any names. Tell us what happened.

Clerk: Well, I got caught myself – by some of the men. I was one of the juniors and sometimes I did errands for the other women, odd trips to the stockroom etcetera. It was on one of those I got caught. In the factory it got pretty hot and we all wore these little blue tunics with bra and pants all the time. It was usually too hot to wear a dress underneath. As soon as I got in the stockroom I sensed something was up. There were three men in there and as I went up to the counter two of them came round behind me and grabbed me by the arms. I giggled a bit because I thought it was some joke they were trying to frighten me with. It was too. The third one got this big can of foamy shaving cream and came up in front of me. One of them said: 'How would you like some of your own medicine? How would you like a shave, darling?' That stopped me giggling and I said, not me and started struggling. But they had me bent over half backwards. I was a bit worried then. The one with the can of cream, the youngest of them, he was only about two years older than me, lifted up the front of my tunic and the other men grabbed it so it was up at my waist. They were all breathing heavily, specially the young one with the can. The two holding me were pressing against me and I could feel them in their trousers. Then the young one got hold of my pants and pulled them halfway down my thighs. I couldn't even get my legs together properly because of the way they were holding me. The young one was looking at me down there. He said: 'What a hairy little darling,' or something, 'she could do with a shave.' I am hairy. Then he must have put the nozzle of the shaving cream thing very close to between my thighs because, heck, I had the most weird feeling. I couldn't work it out at first. I know I relaxed very suddenly because the two men nearly lost their grip on my arms. The young man must have emptied half the can over my hairs – the feeling was weird, not unpleasant at all. He filled my pants with it too and then yanked them up tight so they went hard up against my bottom and it was like something sucking at me there. It was weird.

Quest: They didn't actually shave you?

Clerk: No, they let me go then. I felt so weird I didn't say a word. I went to the powder room and cleaned myself up. But I couldn't stop thinking about it.

Quest: Did you try and recapture these sensations?

Clerk: I thought about it a lot. I was going out with a boy called Gary then and we were both living with our parents and we didn't have anywhere to go. We had made love in Gary's car but it wasn't very good. I didn't have the chance to try it until quite a long time after when Gary's parents went away for a weekend and left him with the house to himself.

Quest: What happened?

Clerk: When Gary first told me his parents might be going away we were both looking forward to it like crazy. I was thinking of sex with Gary, not messing about with shaving cream. My parents only allowed me out until midnight so I couldn't stay overnight with him. I could go there all day Saturday though, and I thought it would be great if we could spend all day in bed together. Gary thought so too. When I called he took me straight into the bedroom and started kissing me. I put my hand on his trousers and he was hard. He started taking my coat and blouse off and I undid his trousers and slid my hand right down inside and put my fingers round him. He liked my tickling him underneath and squeezing. We threw all our clothes on the floor beside his parents' bed. It was a huge bed. I'd only ever slept in a single bed before. When Gary took my pants off he hooked his hand round under my pubes from the front so I was sitting on his wrist and he was holding my bottom. He held me round the back too and pushed me on the bed like that. He was never much of a one for a lot of preliminaries. He parted my thighs and did me first with his finger and then climbed between my legs. We both had an orgasm, one after the other, me and then Gary almost at once. When I come I contract a lot and that makes him come too. We lay in bed with our arms round each other smoking a cigarette but I couldn't help feeling I'd missed something, as though it hadn't been completely right. Then I thought about shaving and tried to think how I could mention it without upsetting him.

Quest: You actually wanted to be shaved this time?

Clerk: Yes. So I told him a friend of mine had shaved her pubes and she said it was great. I asked Gary to shave me. He wasn't going to at first. He kept saying he preferred bushy women rather than clean shaven ones but I think the thought of doing it appealed to him because he didn't raise very many objections.

Quest: How did it happen?

Clerk: I lay on my back on a towel on the bed with my thighs as far apart as I could get them so the skin of my pubes was stretched tight. Gary was very good at it. He didn't use the foamy stuff though, he had a bristly brush and a stick of soap. He lathered up the brush and frisked it round my hairs. It was even better than the foamy cream. I had to hold on to the eiderdown to keep myself under control. By the time he'd finished I was shaking and groaning and begging him to make love to me. He was ready too but he dried me off first. Then when he touched me I felt so sensitive there I felt I was going to go crazy if he didn't make love. When you shave there it's surprising how different it feels. It's very sensitive. I've shaved quite a few times there now and it's just as sensitive every time.

Quest: Did anything further happen that weekend?

Clerk: Gary had read somewhere about whipped cream.

Quest: What about it?

Clerk: How you can put it on and lick it off.

Quest: Go on.

Clerk: Gary went and bought some. It was wow, great on my shaven pubes, sort of cool and slinky and oozy and it nearly brought me on just by Gary smoothing it over me. I've never felt anything like that before. Now with the man I'm engaged to, Howard, we do it quite often when I shave. It's not really so good with a thick mass of pubic hair, all bristly and scratchy. You don't really feel the benefit of it.

Quest: This is now a regular part of your lovemaking?

Clerk: We've added to it since I went out with Gary. Howard has a passion for strawberries. He said a friend of his saw an actress do this thing with strawberries at a party. He very carefully puts one up just between my lips down there and covers me with cream. He starts licking up between my thighs along the cream, then back down over my shaven pubes to my lips until he's licked off nearly all of it. Then I can feel him starting to suck at the strawberry without dislodging it. That's when I start shaking and begging him not to stop. I come very quickly when he starts on the strawberry. When Gary bought the cream that weekend, that was the first time I ever kissed a man's thing. Now, after Howard's finished I do the same for him but I don't much like doing it without the cream.

Quest: How did it happen that first time?

Clerk: When Gary told me what he was going to do I didn't know whether to giggle and pretend to be all demure or to be shocked. I was still a bit tender down there. I was naked on the bed and he said: 'Close your eyes and feel this.' I did. He had found a carton of thick cream and he just poured it on to my tummy below the navel. It made me wriggle and gasp the way it trickled ever so slowly down to my more sensitive parts. I lay there with the shivers and my body felt like a spring. Gary had to rush out to the bathroom and get a towel and put under me so it didn't spoil his parents' bed. As the cream started dribbling down between my

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thighs over my lips I had to put my hand there and rub myself. It was so good I started moving my hips up and down against my hand which was all covered in cream too. It was sensational and I didn't care if Gary was standing there watching me. He seemed to have the biggest erection I'd ever seen. He held my hand away and I was still grinding my hips up and down. It was driving me mad. Then Gary dipped his thing in my cream. He didn't enter me – he rubbed the end of it round and round in the cream against my creamy place, then he pulled my hand to it and made me wrap it round him so he was covered in cream too.

Quest: That was when you kissed him?

Clerk: Yes, It was fantastic.

Quest: And how did Gary react?

Clerk: Gary drove me wild. I came so much I was exhausted.

Quest: Did this happen again with Gary?

Clerk: It's always different afterwards isn't it? I thought I'd been revolting to touch him with my mouth and I didn't want to do it again. He didn't like that. Sex with Gary without the cream wasn't the same. I think, when you've done that sort of thing it's so crazy that ordinary sex doesn't turn you on so much.

Quest: Did this happen with other men?

Clerk: Not really until Howard.

Quest: And it is very important to your love making.

Clerk: We don't have to use it all the time. I still only kiss him there when he is covered in cream but we often make love in what you might call a more normal way. I don't know what you'd call it, straight sex?

Quest: Thank you.

Three **Housewife, 32 years old, brunette, town of origin Leicester**

This interviewee had been married to her present husband for three years. Her first marriage had ended in divorce four years previously. Since marrying for the second time she had given up her job as personal assistant to the managing director of a large cosmetics company. There were no children by either marriage.

Quest: From our discussion I gather that when your first marriage finished you were determined to get out and enjoy yourself?

Housewife: Well I didn't have any intention of sitting and moping, turning myself into an aged spinster. But you can't accuse me of seducing every man in sight either.

Quest: How did you approach things?

Housewife: I can see my first marriage might have worked if I'd given up my job straight away but I wasn't ready to be a fussy little housewife living out in the suburbs waiting for hubby every night, worrying what he was doing with his secretary and thinking I was being left out. I wanted to enjoy the freedom from my marriage I suppose. I was a virgin when I married; sheltered childhood and that sort of thing. So I don't think I was very sexually aware. Our honeymoon was terrible. I thought I was frigid. I loved my husband but we weren't very compatible and it took a long time to find out. I just supposed this was my rôle in life until I realised I was supposed to enjoy it too. It took a boyfriend to show me that.

Quest: While you were married?

Housewife: No, I wouldn't do that even now. No, it was afterwards, between marriages. I was floating in a sort of sexual limbo. I, well, it didn't seem that sex was specifically very wonderful. I despaired of ever finding a man who might bring something sexual out in me. One of my friends – out in deepest suburbia – swore by her husband's tool. I told her I didn't see very much to write home about in sex and she couldn't believe me. She laughed, thought I was pulling her leg. She didn't exactly offer her husband, but you know how it is with bored housewives. I had my job, but a weekend in suburbia – at the pub lunchtimes and parties and baby sitting in the evenings, you very soon form little cliques. She didn't say 'Have a bash with George,' or whatever his name was. But she didn't mind meeting an attractive salesman in nothing but a see-through nightie. I pretended sex didn't concern me in that way, but of course it did.

Quest: So what happened after your marriage broke up?

Housewife: I was, whatever my day dreams, very straight laced sexually.

Quest: Beautiful women often are. Did you believe physical desirability was enough in itself?

Housewife: There was a compliment in there somewhere. Did I just lie back and let sex happen? Yes, definitely, when I consider my sex life now. Do you think I'm beautiful?

Quest: By now you either know you're attractive or you know you're not and don't tell me you're getting to the age where you need to be constantly reminded you are. Tell me instead about your sexual awakening.

Housewife: You're right. George, my friend's husband, really did have a big tool. When we broke up, Graham, my husband, let me keep the house. At first it was awful – everyone saying how sorry they were and all the wives inviting me to parties to cheer me up and all the men trying to get inside my skirt, obviously thinking I was easy from now on. I was really quite content to be on my own for a while. In the end I took a holiday. But that was escaping and I steeled myself to go back. Being away wasn't solving anything. Then I thought: why not, look at me, I'm free, I can do what I like. So I started going out and enjoying myself – to parties and shows – whooping it up a little bit.

Quest: With any particular man?

Housewife: With groups of friends or couples. The trouble was all the wives had this object of pairing me off with every eligible bachelor they could find. It was embarrassing at times.

Quest: How did you finally take the plunge?

Housewife: It was most unsatisfactory. George's wife threw a party one Saturday night and I got rather tiddly. I had been paired off as usual with a young dynamic type bachelor friend of hers. How they induced these young men to come along I don't know, probably because they thought: divorcee, I'll be all right there. He wasn't only very obvious, he was boring to boot.

Quest: Go on.

Housewife: I got very tiddly. I had the impression that everyone was pairing off, not husbands and wives, but husbands with other men's wives and the other way round. I first noticed that in my tiddly state when I realised my friend had been in the kitchen with Julia's husband for rather a long time. By this time anyway I needed some fresh air so I left the boring bachelor with a pat on the knee and went through the French windows into the back garden. I was trying to suppress a fit of the giggles. It was patting the bachelor on the knee that started them. He was so aroused it showed, and it made me giggle.

Quest: Were you wearing anything that might have affected him like that or was it in your attitude perhaps?

Housewife: Oh, I was all dressed up and everyone was saying nice things about me. It was the white dress they liked, against the suntan and the pink lipstick and the dark eye make-up and my hair down to my shoulders. I'd made a special effort. I kept saying, who's Imogen Hassall, when everybody said I looked like her. I thought she must have lived nearby because everyone seemed to know her except me. I know who she is now of course, a film star. She has a very narrow back like me. I saw her in a film. Big breasts really do look huge in cutaway dresses, don't they.

Quest: And you were wearing a cutaway dress?

Housewife: I'm afraid so. In white and my breasts were fairly brown. It was short too, above my knees.

Quest: So you went out into the garden with the giggles?

Housewife: And guess who I met out there – George, with a female, I think she was someone else's wife. I'd seen him at the party earlier but not in the last hour or so.

Quest: And what were George and this other man's wife doing?

Housewife: You might well ask. I thought they were standing talking to each other – by the rhododendron bushes right outside the French doors – so I went over, very carefully, as one does when you're tiddly. They were engrossed in themselves and they can't have heard me. When I saw what was going on I blurted out: 'Good grief.' George had his tool out or she had it out for him. Everything Mary had said about it as far as I could see was an understatement. It was huge and even with her with both her hands round it I could see both ends. They were side on, standing rigidly staring at me and she was hanging on as though she wouldn't let go. Their faces weren't too clear. I looked at George and said: 'My God, George, it is.' Meaning big. It was really without thinking. The words came out like that. Then I blushed like a sixteen-year-old virgin and turned round and tottered back to the house, totally confused.

Quest: What happened then?

Housewife: I made straight for the punch-bowl, unable to think of anything but George. Seeing something like that, it doesn't matter if you are a sixteen-year-old virgin or an aged spinster, it's something you don't quickly forget.

Quest: Go on.

Housewife: The woman who'd been with George came in and I was intrigued to know what George was still doing in the garden. The woman disappeared into another room and George still didn't come in. Then the woman came back arm in arm with her husband. I was talking to a crowd of people and the bachelor was back leering down the front of my dress. So were the other men. It was easy to see my breasts weren't supported, the dress came down a little wider than a halter neck in two strips to the bottom of my cleavage and the outside edges of my breasts were showing too. I was in the middle of this crowd and I kept glancing at the French windows to see when George did come in. When he did I turned away blushing madly and I must admit, quivering at the knees. He came over to the group and said hello to me as though he hadn't seen me before. I couldn't stop blushing and I didn't want to look at him so I excused myself and went upstairs to cool off in the bathroom. That wasn't very successful. I couldn't stop thinking about George. It was so bad I had to touch myself for a moment and imagine him. That made me worse. There was only one thing for it – go home and have a cold bath.

Quest: I thought your attitude was more a case of 'why not?'

Housewife: After seeing George in the garden it had to be George or nobody at that moment and I wasn't desperate enough to approach him myself.

Quest: So what happened?

Housewife: You don't have to guess who was standing outside the bathroom when I came out. When I opened the door he was leaning against the banister staring at me. My tummy started churning as though it was full of butterflies and I felt very close to fainting. I looked at his trousers and they were huge at the front. I had to come out of the bathroom and do something. I didn't know what to say. I hurried into the bedroom where the coats were instead.

Quest: Go on.

Housewife: George followed me, I sensed him following me from behind. I didn't know whether to scream and run or, if he tried anything, fall into his arms. If he'd just tried to touch me I might have done the former, not screamed but struggled. I picked my coat up. I was trying to pretend he wasn't there and searching about for some small talk but my brain was whirling round in circles. I turned round holding my coat and I couldn't believe it but George was leaning on the door with the front of his trousers undone. I dropped my coat and stared at him, not trusting my voice. Then before I knew what was happening he was pressed very close to me with his hands reaching inside my dress and holding my breasts and my nipples were so hard they were aching. Then we were kissing, really tongue in the mouth and everything and George had me lying back across the bed. He pulled the halter pieces of my dress inwards between my breasts which made them bulge out on each side and he was kissing my face and neck and my breasts very quickly. His tool was very big and hard and I couldn't help touching it. I put my hand round it and felt it warm and throbbing like an electric shock. I really desperately wanted it but I was frightened at its size and very confused.

Quest: What happened then?

Housewife: It had been a long time since I'd had sex with a man. When George began to pull my dress up I didn't stop him. Actually I lifted up my bum so he could do it. Then he had his fingers in my knickers on what Andrew – that's my present lovely husband by the way – calls my furry little pussy. Andrew won't mind me telling you all this. He knows what I did before I met him.

Quest: George had his fingers on your pussy.

Housewife: And on my bum too. Then he took my knickers down. I thought the funny feelings I could feel were because I was tiddly. I'd never felt quite this way before. I have since with Andrew, though. I was so desperate I had my thighs open as far as I could across the bed – after he pulled my knickers down – and I was trying to force him into me. I thought it had to work this time because he was so big and he was bound to make me feel something really different. But, God, it hurt. George was breathing in my ear and we both had hold of him to get him in and when he did I thought he'd never stop just going in. Then it hurt and I yelled out, loudly, and tried to push him away. He put his hand over my mouth and I bit it. He pulled himself out then, saying how sorry he was, it was because I wasn't wet enough and he would be more gentle. I was still very desperate for something. George said he'd go and get something to lubricate me properly. As soon as he went out I realised that I was lying on the bed moaning and twisting with my dress up to my waist, my breasts hanging out and my knickers on the floor. I thought, someone might come in so I sat up and tidied myself. Then I realised what George and I had nearly done. It was madness, absolute madness. I grabbed my coat again and was going to open the door and go home when George came back in holding something behind his back. He had zipped himself in again by the way. He asked me where I was going and I said we'd been silly and I was going home. He said not to be stupid, he was going to make love to me and pushed me back on the bed. He locked the door and switched off the light. I couldn't see a thing.

Quest: You allowed him to push you back on the bed?

Housewife: When George was out of the room and I was alone I felt rotten and stupid. But when he was there with his great possession I felt differently. I felt myself beginning to stir again – my pussy was waiting for something from George. I felt him taking my knickers off again and then I was aware of the most indescribable sensation I had ever felt in my entire life. One second I was a dizzy, anxious, half-frustrated divorcee, who didn't know the first thing she wanted and the next – I can't describe it properly. It was like an explosion of all my senses. You'll probably laugh when I tell you what George, half drunken and half crazy for sex, had done.

Quest: What had he done?

Housewife: He'd gone to the bathroom for some cold cream to oil us both with. But someone was in there being ill and had locked the door. So George, inventive bastard, had gone downstairs and picked up a great dollop of fruit trifle and cream – the first thing that came to hand he told me – in a paper bowl. When he'd stretched me back across the bed he slapped it on. He got a handful of it and spread it all over my pussy. At the time I couldn't believe what was happening. I couldn't see a thing but I could feel George bending down between my legs with his hands on my thighs and doing something to me that was like nothing I've ever known. It was a woozy, drooling sensation. I could feel my insides becoming all stirred up.

Quest: Did he bring you to orgasm?

Housewife: Someone was knocking very loudly on the door. George jerked away and rushed over to switch the light on. When I looked at him his mouth was covered with trifle and cream. I sat up and looked at myself. So was I. George wiped his mouth and I was so panicky I grabbed my knickers and pulled them straight on, trifle or no trifle. Luckily it wasn't his wife at the door. It was some other woman. Still I grabbed my coat and went downstairs to get out. George was pretty shaken. He looked as though he wanted to hide away until I left. At first, walking down the stairs, my pussy felt sticky and messy, but by the time I was walking home, only a few hundred yards away, each step was making me feel woozier and woozier. The trifle was squelching around and making me randier at each step. I felt unbelievably naughty when I got home and I sat in the bathroom for nearly an hour pressing my pussy with my hand and trying to have an orgasm. I didn't though.

Quest: When did you have your first orgasm in this way?

Housewife: I went out with several different men – not George again. I think his wife guessed. She wasn't very happy about it and she didn't speak to me much after that night. I didn't have the nerve to suggest to anyone else anything like the thing George had done – until I met Andrew.

Quest: Tell us about that.

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Housewife: Andrew is a lovely man. We'd had sex three times and I'd pretended to reach orgasm. I was living in hope and wondering if it would ever work. One evening we were sitting in front of the fire and Andrew was talking about a rumour he'd heard about a pop singer's party and some well-known girl singer. Apparently when the police raided the pop star's cottage he was using a Mars bar on the girl. I don't really know all about it, it was something like that. Andrew said he'd like to do that to me. I suddenly blurted out. 'Or how about fruit trifle?' and Andrew looked at the table where we'd left half our meal and said: 'Why not peaches and cream.' It was easy for me to say: 'Oh, Andrew why don't we do that.' I could see he thought it was odd that I took it so seriously but he thought it was a giggle too. He said: 'What a delightful dish that would be – a furry little pussy loaded with peaches and cream.' There was half a bowl of peach slices on the table and some whipped cream. Now we always do it when we make love.

Quest: How did it work this first time?

Housewife: Blow by blow?

Quest: If that's the way you want to put it.

Housewife: Andrew made me lie back across a pile of cushions with my knees bent and my thighs apart like the crab position at school in gym lessons. I was wearing trousers so he had to take those off first. Then off came my sweater and my bra so that I was completely undressed. Then he switched all the lights off except the orange standard lamp and undressed himself down to his underpants. I closed my eyes and got all tensed up. He kept saying: 'Push, pussy, higher in the air, as far up and out as you can.' He told me to keep my eyes tightly shut because I think it embarrassed him at first but I was so excited I kept looking. He went to the table and brought the peach slices and the cream over separately. He put them down between my feet and said: 'And now here's the great artist about to start work on his latest masterpiece.' That started me giggling. He put peach slices all over me, starting between my breasts and going down my tummy to my pussy. He treated it all as rather a joke until I began groaning and begging him for more and then he realised that it really did turn me on and I really was in earnest. It was such a feeling I couldn't stop myself. I could feel myself very close to an orgasm. He steadied my thighs with one hand and started daubing me with cream. I felt I was going out of my mind. It's like reaching something but not being quite able to reach it at the same time. Then he started kissing me and I knew it was going to work. He was obviously so incredibly worked up himself that as I was finishing he rolled on top of me and started making love to me. There were peaches and cream squelching between us and mess all over the rug but it was fantastic. I nearly had another orgasm when he did.

Quest: And this works for you always.

Housewife: That's one of the reasons why I married the man.

Quest: Thank you.

WAR GAMES

continued from page 66

sir. We are adopting defensive positions at the bridge to delay the enemy advance.'

Lacey asked, 'And do you realise that you may get killed?'

Again there was no hesitation. 'Of course, sir. People do get killed in war, sir. We appreciate our position sir, and know it is dangerous. I realise I may be dead in an hour sir. We all do.'

Lacey walked over to the youth and stared into his face. 'Then why stay?'

'Because it is necessary, sir.'

'But why you? Why the boys?'

'Because we are here, sir. There's no one else. Apart from you, sir.'

Lacey turned away, broke the spell and again heard the distant noise getting closer. He was scared and wanted to get away from this madness and escape in his snug leather driving seat and watch the road to safety unwind beneath high powered wheels. He half stepped towards the open doorway. Walton and the sergeant still watching him, and saw the 14-year-old snub-nosed Evans, the small but wiry stand-off of the under fifteens rugby team, grin at a fellow marine before lighting a fresh cigarette from the stub of another.

He turned back and asked the sergeant, 'How long have you been here Black? How many years have you been at Chenstow?'

'I came when I was eight, sir. I was in prep here, sir.'

'And your father, was he at Chenstow?'

'Yes sir, and his father sir. It's sort of tradition, sir.'

Lacey looked at the floor and then up at Captain Walton again. 'That's the trouble isn't it, it's all bloody tradition.'

Walton looked back mildly and said, 'If you want an easy answer you can call it tradition. You may like to keep calling it that as you leave. As I said, we have a job to do and you are in the way.'

The captain stepped from behind his desk. 'Ready sergeant?'

'Yes sir.'

He looked at Lacey again and politely said, 'Excuse me.'

They left the room and after a second Lacey followed and stood outside and watched Captain Walton, Marine Sergeant Black and the four marine cadets marching smartly towards the river.

Lacey broke into a run to catch them up. When he was alongside Walton he asked: 'Where do your orders come from?'

Walton carried on marching. 'There are no orders,' he said. 'There is no need for orders. There is a job to be done and we shall do it.'

They arrived at a sandbagged dug-out at the top of the high river bank that held a machine gun and three army cadets.

Walton briefly inspected it and detailed Elton and Roscoe to remain at the dug-out. They moved in and took up rifle positions flanking the gun and Walton nodded at their efficiency.

'Now lads,' he said quietly, 'you know why we are here and you know what we have to do. The longer we stay here and the longer we keep the enemy from crossing that bridge the better.'

Lacey was feeling ridiculous standing alongside the dug-out in his civilian clothes watching boys prepare for war with guns whilst he carried a briefcase in one hand and a raincoat in the other. The rumbles and thunder were getting louder and his mind was still in turmoil.

Walton stepped into the dug-out and looked along the barrel of the machine gun. He touched the shoulder or arm of each boy before climbing out.

'When they come they will be coming to kill you. They will be coming fresh from killing British women and children, fresh from looting and raping defenceless people. When they come shoot to kill and keep on shooting no matter what. We have God on our side and our fight is just. Think of your mothers and your sisters. Think of your country. Think of the school. I know you will all put up a good show. Good luck.'

He turned and walked along the river bank towards the road. Lacey stared after him in disbelief. He looked down into the dug-out at the boys and Roscoe said, 'You'd better go sir. It won't be long now.'

Their faces were determined, proud, scared. They were heroes from a paperback comic strip. To ask them to desert now would besmirch their honour, the honour of the school.

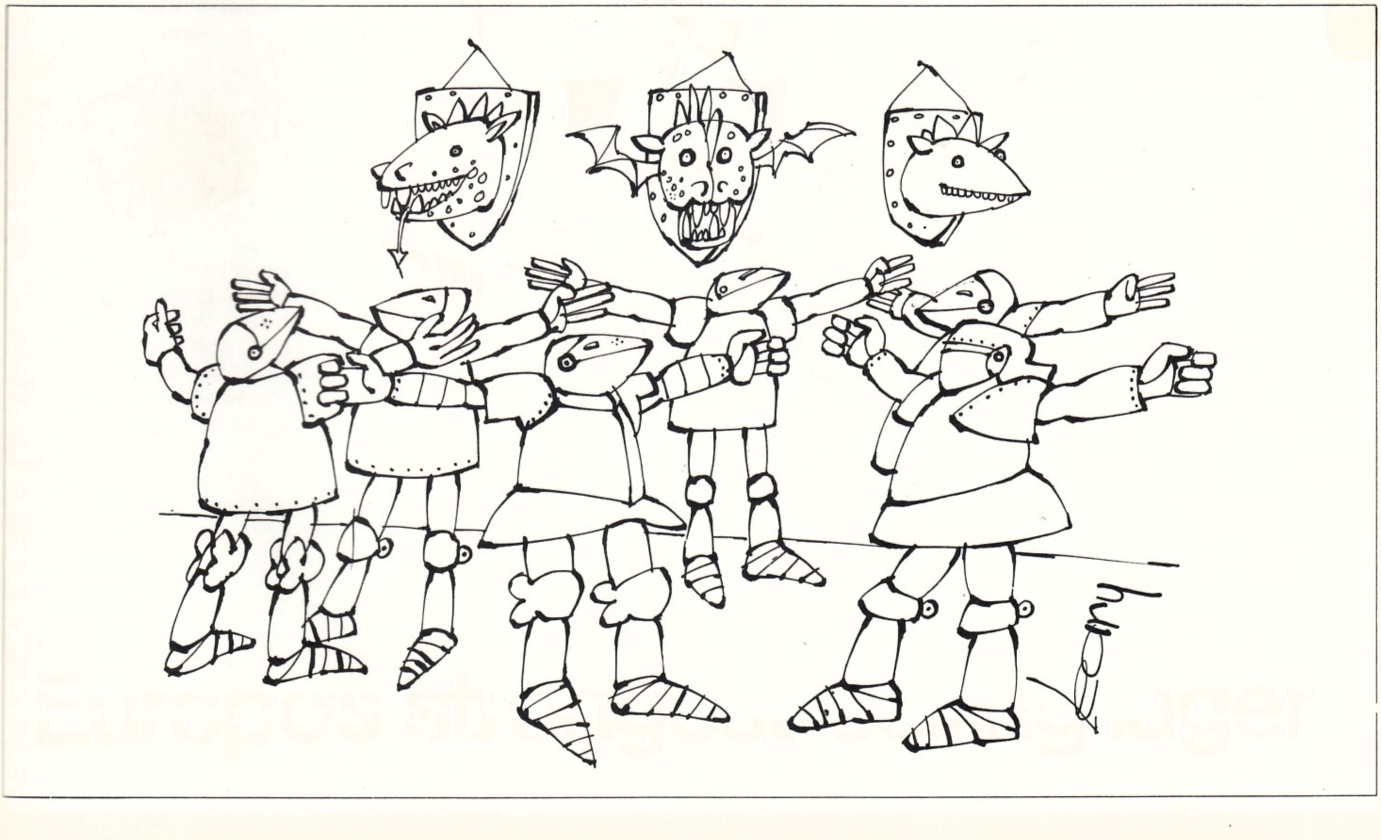
They didn't even want him there. After all he was only a civilian, he could be excused. He had only been at the school three months, what would he know about honour. They didn't expect him to understand and they couldn't have explained anyway. They did not understand it in words. They just knew. It was duty. It was not crying when it hurt.

There was a crash in the wood across the field, and clouds of heavy smoke appeared above the trees. Time was running out.

The rear of the school was deserted. He unlocked the garage and slid the door into the roof. The sleek red bonnet of the car gave him confidence again and he opened the door and threw his coat and briefcase in the back.

He slid into the driving seat, put the key into the ignition and turned the engine over. It caught immediately and he played with the power under his foot, revving it and listening to the throaty noise of safety.

'I'd better be off,' he told himself. 'This is



no place for a pacifist, and especially no place for a coward.' He smiled at his joke and tried to turn the nag in his mind away. He put the car into gear and drove into the courtyard. 'Don't get upset by other people's stupidity, retain your non-involvement. There's nothing more to do, you did your best. You can't help it if they're all bloody insane.'

His mind was reaching exploding point and he banged the horn of his car and shouted, 'Damn.'

He realised he had taken the car out of gear and it was stationary in the courtyard. He leaned back in the comfortable seat and looked at the car roof. He spoke his thoughts out loud to clear his head.

'Why do I have to evaluate a situation I know is insane. It could not happen anywhere else but here, at this school'. He hesitated, the nag getting its way. 'All right, given the circumstances it could happen anywhere. But it is still insane. Misplaced loyalty and honour are going to cost the lives of boys who have never sampled manhood, who are too young to make their own decisions, who are too immature to step outside the barriers they cannot even see and question it all.'

He started to cry. 'Why can't I find the words to stop them. Why can't I challenge Walton's certainty. Why can't I show them it's a shabby trick, a pointless gesture.'

The clouds above had thickened and it started drizzling.

Lacey told the trickling spots of water on his windscreen. 'But Walton is so certain. He "knows." They all "know." It's religion, it's faith. So why don't I have the faith to drive away. Where's my courage?'

He steeled himself, put the car in gear again and drove round the side of the west wing and back down towards the front entrance of the school. From the top of the slight slope he could see practically all the cadet emplacements and the small figures curled inside them. Walton was standing on the embankment at the far side of the road. He was looking through field glasses at the edge of the woods where the road disappeared and where now small dark shapes of men broke cover and moved swiftly across the open land.

'Oh Christ, all they need now is John Wayne,' Lacey said despairingly, and from the front steps of the school marched the stern figure of Mr Newgate, wearing, of all things, a maroon velvet smoking jacket, and carrying a sten gun.

He ignored Lacey's car and walked on towards the front gate and in the direction of Captain Walton.

Lacey braked, closed his eyes and cursed again and again. 'It's a bloody conspiracy,' he said aloud and drove after the headmaster, catching him at the gate. He stopped, leaned over and pushed open the passenger door.

Mr Newgate bent and looked in. 'I thought you'd gone long ago Lacey.'

Lacey looked back, scared to death but still flinching in the headmaster's presence. 'I've changed my mind sir. I think I'd like to stay. Can I give you a lift down to Captain Walton?'

Mr Newgate stared back for a moment, his gaze focusing on Lacey's face, as if considering the application.

'Thank you Lacey.' He twisted his frame into the bucket seat and his face frowned. 'I never did like your taste in motor cars Lacey. They take no account of dignity.'

Lacey pointed the car down the road and they drove towards the bridge and the oncoming army. He parked it neatly against the grass verge and they climbed out. He found his fear was being sapped away along with his sense of reality and he summoned up the courage to ask the headmaster over the roof of the car, 'Sir, I hope you don't think me impertinent, but why wear a velvet smoking jacket for a battle?'

The headmaster looked back over the roof of the car as if Lacey were mad. He said, 'I'd look damn silly in a board and gown.'

The logic seemed to complete the charade and Lacey climbed the banking behind Mr Newgate. At the top Captain Walton said, 'Glad you could make it headmaster. The show's about to begin.' He looked quizzically at Lacey.

Mr Newgate said, 'Mr Lacey would like to give a hand Walton,' and smiled, actually smiled. 'Rather decent of him, don't you think?'

Walton grinned and stuck out his hand. 'Glad to have you aboard Lacey. The boys will be pleased.'

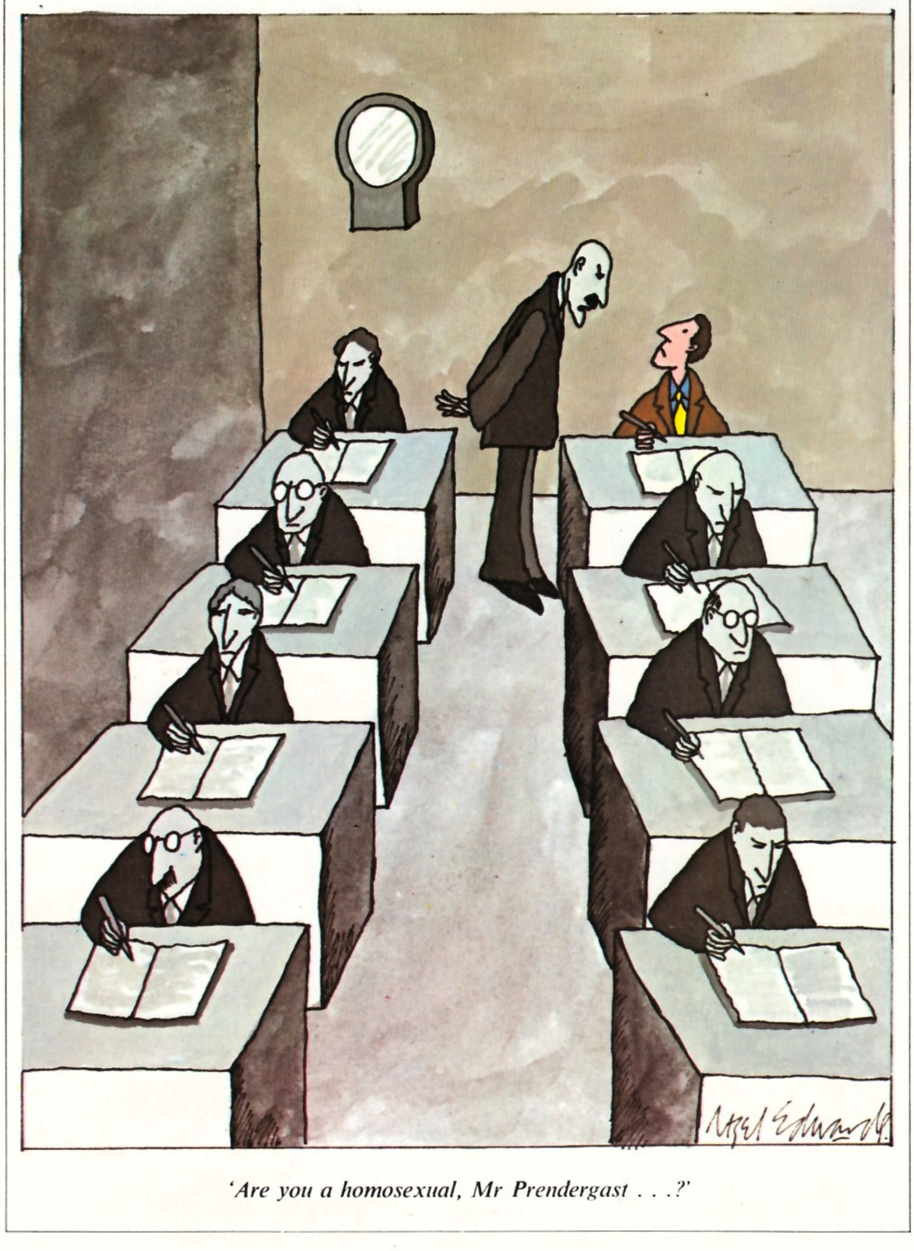
Lacey looked around and saw the set faces of half a dozen youngsters he knew from classroom or rugger field. Most of them managed a smile and Marine Sergeant Black, nursing an anti-tank gun at the rear, said, 'Nice to have you with us, sir.'

Lacey felt ridiculous. He felt like making a speech. He felt like crying at the insanity and laughing at the madness. It could only happen . . . no, he told himself, it could happen any bloody where.

He looked across the river at the approaching figures and saw that one or two vehicles had now emerged from the woodland road. The noise of war was here alright in all its majesty.

He stepped into the dug-out and picked up a rifle that was lying across an ammunition box.

'You'd better show me how to use this bloody thing,' he said to Walton.



'Are you a homosexual, Mr Prendergast . . .?'

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ORIENT EXPRESS

continued from page 12

the train would have to be restored 'without delay'. The defeated Germans pleaded that they could not find enough locomotives or maintain the track. Fair enough. Fortunately the train could take a route used sometimes before the war and when it re-started in April 1919 it missed out Germany altogether by running via Lausanne and the 12.5 mile Simplon tunnel, to Milan, Venice, Trieste and so to Zagreb Belgrade, Sofia, Svilengrad and the renamed Istanbul.

Soon it was back to its former glory and indeed the journey time was down to around 55 hours. It became a daily service in 1921. Beverley Nichols, then a successful young author just up from Oxford, travelled on the Orient Express in search of 'colour' in 1921.

His memory: 'It is three o'clock in the morning. You are somewhere in Rumania charging at 60 mph through the winter night. Yet you are clad in a thin, silk dressing gown and the smoke from your cigarette end curls without a quiver to the ceiling. Only gods, surely, should be allowed to travel in this manner! Only gods should be allowed this astonishing command over the elements.'

But the book which really started the Orient Express rolling to blood-and-thunder fame was *La Madonne des Sleepings* by Maurice Dekobra, a gentleman journalist whose action-packed life was remarkably similar to Ian Fleming's.

Since 1925, The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars, has sold 750,000 copies in 27 languages and been turned into a film and a stage play.

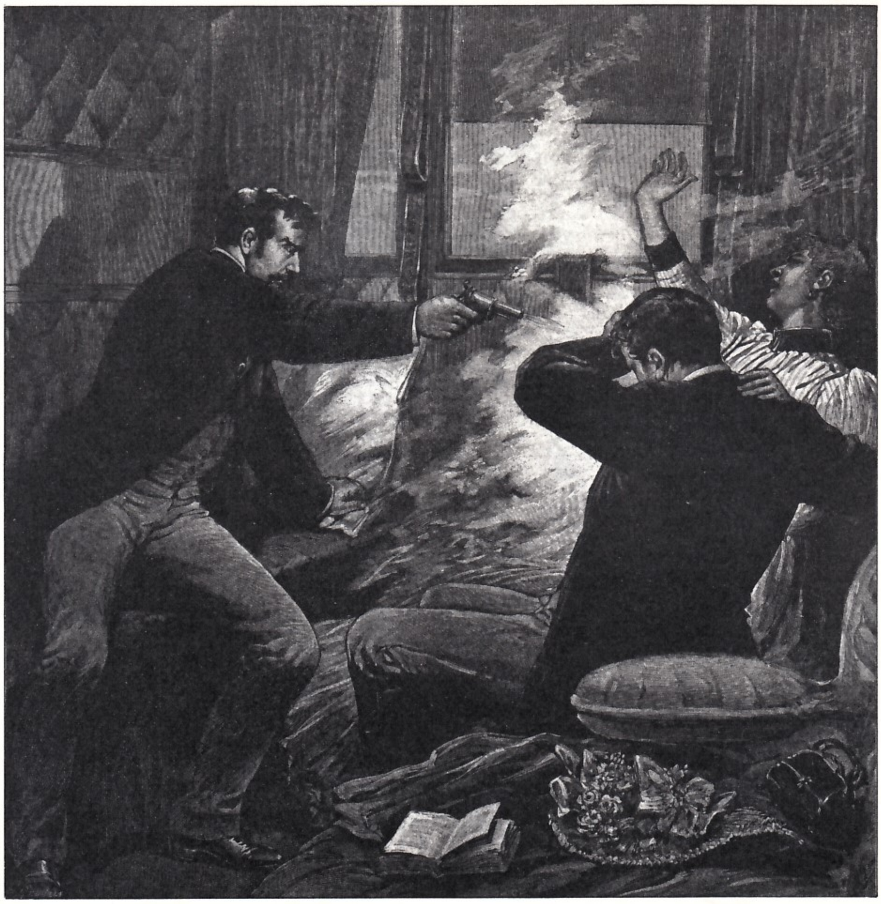
Its characters – Gerard, the handsome French hero, Klara, the blonde German in the pay of Russia, the villainous Madame Mouravieff – and its plot – the smashing of a dastardly commie gang – make the precursor of all the Orient Express thrillers.

La Madonne herself is a ravishing, blonde Scottish aristocrat, Lady Diana Wynham. We meet her first lying on a velvet couch, displaying her long legs, her slim body covered in cob-web thin silk and her breasts – later exposed through a negligee 'like two doves caught in a pink net' – covered by, needless to say, a copy of *The Times*.

To this come-hither creature of international intrigue is given the glorious line: 'I have a ticket for Constantinople. But I may step off at Vienna or Budapest. That depends on chance and the colour of the eyes of my neighbour in the compartment.' Quite a change from damp grouse moors.

D. H. Lawrence had Lady Chatterley ride the famous rails against her better judgement: 'Sir Malcolm took berths on the Orient Express in spite of Connie's dislike of trains-de-luxe and the atmosphere of vulgar depravity there is aboard them nowadays.'

Graham Greene's *Stamboul Train* of 1932 was made into a Fox film. The heroine, Carole Musker, the dancer from Nottingham, ends up, you may remember, in the bottom bunk of a travelling salesman. He sells raisins.



Novelists enhanced the glamour of the Express but scenes like this stayed in their books

In Agatha Christie's classic Murder on the Orient Express, written two years later, Hercule Poirot investigates the crime while the suspects are conveniently captive in the snow-bound train.

In fact there never has been a murder recorded on the Orient Express. The nearest thing to one came as late as February, 1949, when the body of Eugene Karp, a US naval attaché in Bucharest, was found by the line near Salzburg. The mystery has never been solved.

And the only time the train was ever forcibly stopped was back in 1891 at the height of the numerous Thracian civil wars on the Greek border. A gang of alleged partisans carried off three representatives of the Berlin Travel Bureau who had to be bought back for 100,000 francs.

One of the high spots between the wars was in 1934 when King Boris III of Bulgaria left his own sumptuously appointed coach for the footplate where he much preferred to travel. The driver was injured in a blowback from the fire and Boris first put out the flames and then took over the controls, driving the train on to Varna without any passenger being aware of the change-over.

After the Second World War the Orient Express's service went, to put it bluntly, from very bad to even worse. The high-class 'carriage trade' was taken over by airlines and only two coaches went the whole way.

The rolling stock was noted for its grime and its antiquity.

The service was cut to twice a week, Thursdays and Sundays, in each direction and the train that had once crossed ten borders and run on the lines of 22 railways without any of them owning any share of it, became just another ordinary train.

So ordinary that it was held up by every self-important customs official and the 125-mile journey from Sofia to Nis often took six hours.

Finally, after staggering on through the '50s, the railways, meeting in Switzerland, neutral in this as in everything else, could not agree on a time-table. Specifically, the Yugoslavians could not agree that they should have the Orient Express through the night and lose any chance of getting local traffic on to it.

Although the *compagnie*, still very much concerned with other great trains of Europe, keeps on variations of the name for trains that go part of the way, the true Orient Express followed Ian Fleming's other trains into memory.

It was Nash, the blond SMERSH killer who planned to murder Bond, who wrongly gloated: 'Old man, the story's got everything. Orient Express. Beautiful Russian spy murdered in Simplon Tunnel. Filthy pictures. Secret cipher machine. Handsome British spy with career ruined murders her and commits suicide. Sex, spies, luxury train . . . old man, it'll run for months.'

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CAROLINE *Pert and pretty Caroline Dell as she appeared as Mayfair's Girl of the Year in Vol. 4 No. 12*

SYLVIA *Delicious and dusky Sylvia Bayo displaying her charms in Vol. 5 No. 1. Clothes just can't contain Sylvia*

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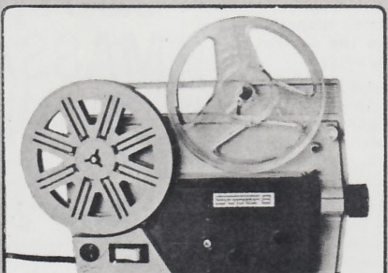

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LETTERS

continued from page 14

to see as I rolled back the blanket. His trousers and underpants were down to his knees and his penis, lying limply between his legs, was in a severely mutilated condition. The cause of his injuries was not revealed until a woman was brought into casualty with her face severely bruised and cut. On enquiring how she sustained the injuries, we discovered how the man had received his. Apparently this woman was enjoying fellatio with the man when she was suddenly overcome by a fit and her jaws snapped together and remained so, despite the presence of the unfortunate gentleman's penis.

I need say no more on the subject, as the outcome was obvious. So, gentlemen, be warned!

L.C., Hull

Quest has studied a number of fascinating problems of erotic behaviour with girls, but it has never dealt to my knowledge with the question of why girls terminate an affair.

The idea came to me because of a bizarre and melancholy experience. For eight months I had a wonderful relationship with a girl called Mary. She had a lovely face, a fine figure and was devoted to everything priapic. We practised a lot of positions and no explorable delight of her passionate body was left unexplored.

Then she had a new proposition. She wanted to see what copulation looked like. I said I would rig up a mirror. But no – she said she had a girl friend, to whom she had praised me as a lover and who had promised to perform with me for her benefit. Mary had even worked out the position which, she thought, would afford the best view: her friend on all fours, with me behind between her thighs. It sounded glorious and seemed to happen according to plan. Her friend was not only willing but eager and she proved, so to speak, highly serviceable.

But afterwards Mary abruptly parted company with me. I asked her why and she said: 'That girl!' I was shocked. It could hardly be jealousy. The other girl was no match for Mary, neither as a beauty nor a lover, and Mary knew it. I wondered if her friend idea was just an elegant ploy to ditch me for someone else. But before meeting me Mary had been had by almost everyone in our office. People were always joking about it. Afterwards she became a sort of nun. She even refused the office Don Juan whom she'd fancied almost shamelessly the year before. In fact I knew she'd only turned to me because he was temporarily out of circulation for delicate reasons. Looking for an explanation, it occurred to me whether Mary herself had any disagreeable reasons of health for her abstinence. It worried me, but now, two months later, I am still alright, so that hardly explained it.

I therefore pressed her again for the real reason and at last she said she found her friend's lovemaking so ugly. She had never known until she saw me inside her own friend, that the fanny would look so swollen. She almost sobbed: 'Horrible! Horrible!'

But I still wonder if that was the genuine reason.

F.L., Leeds

I particularly enjoyed the account written by M.S.A.S. of Ipswich dealing with his awakening to sex through the guidance of a young servant at his school when he was in his teens. It brought back very vividly to me, a man of 45, a very similar experience which was sudden, thrilling and very memorable.

I was either thirteen but not more than fourteen at the time. Son of a parson I was to some extent puritan although the other three boys who shared my dormitory had been kind enough to give me much guidance in masturbatory techniques and when lights were out on many occasions we would often try new experiments. That is usual in all schools I am sure and I am convinced that little can be done to stop such practices.

I recall it was a summer evening and my bath night, and while lying full length in the bath with my eyes closed I was in fact playing with myself. Imagine my surprise when I opened them and saw Della, a dormitory girl aged 17 or 18 who was blessed with the most fabulous breasts and glorious legs, standing watching me! I could do nothing to hide my erection. Della smiled, stared and placed her hands to her breasts. I stood up to emerge from the bath. She took my hand and picked up the towel. I was scared stiff that the House Master would suddenly appear or the Matron. Both were often prowling at that time. Della, however, did not seem to share my anxiety and proceeded to dry me with meticulous care and she was determined that my penis and testicles were to be really dry. Her hands also ventured to my bottom and between the cheeks. I was in the most excited state imaginable. It was no use. I could not hold back. The touch of her gentle fingers in that area was unbearable and in seconds I had ejaculated on to her white pinafore. She bent forward and kissed me. It was a sensational feeling. Her tongue forced its way between my lips while her right hand squeezed the last drops from my now flaccid organ.

I longed to tell my bedroom mates. Sensibly I did not. Della however started sending me notes which she placed under my pillow. Lord Longford could never have slept had he read just one! That a girl of such tender years could sit down and write such letters beat me. However no one ever found out. We did occasionally

turn to page 92

'Oh no – don't say we've got a security risk on our hands!'

LETTERS

continued from Page 91

I have at last plucked up courage to write to you. I am a happily married man with three children and have always been totally satisfied by my monogamous life. Recently, however, I had quite a new experience. As I was finishing work in the departmental library where I work, in walked an attractive young girl.

She had an excellent figure with an ample bosom and slender legs, and I recognised her as one of the first year undergraduates. As I turned to leave she engaged me in conversation about work, but it soon became evident that we had our minds on other things. Before I knew what was happening we were rolling amongst the periodicals. We undressed and she grabbed my throbbing penis with one hand whilst stimulating herself with the other, at first gently and then more vigorously. The sight of her doing this to both me and herself had an amazing effect on us, leading to a terrific simultaneous orgasm. Although I have never enjoyed anything quite like it with my wife, this unexpected experience has lead to a rejuvenation of my sex life.

F.E., Sheffield

I thought you might be interested to know of an interesting experience which happened to me recently. My flatmate's girlfriend was staying for the weekend and, wanting to get out of the way, I announced I was going to the launderette. The girlfriend asked me to put a couple of pairs of panties in with my gear which I agreed to do.

When I got down to the launderette and was in the process of adding the knickers to my load an attractive brunette sidled up to me and jokingly asked if they were mine or my wife's. I said no and explained the situation to her, bemoaning my luck as my flatmate had his girlfriend round and I'd just broken off with mine. She then quite blatantly said she was glad I was unattached and she fancied me and what was I going to do about it?

I was a bit taken aback but had the presence of mind to suggest we went back to my place. Then she calmly said she wouldn't because her husband wouldn't like it but why didn't we go off round the corner in my car to a dark alleyway while our clothes were being washed. She'd just put hers in!

Needless to say we jumped into the car (such heaven-sent opportunities don't come every day!) and raced a couple of hundreds yards down the road to an alleyway, parked and leapt into the back seat.

She turned into a lustful passionate tiger and had my trousers round my ankles before I could get my hands in her blouse! Her breasts were large, a bit on the heavy side and as soon as I touched them her nipples were erect and she started breathing heavily. I lifted up her skirt and down came her tights and panties. She was all wet, warm and willing and pulled me on to her with no more ado. She had at least two orgasms before I was spent which wasn't long either. After we had straightened ourselves out and driven back to the launderette about twenty minutes later the washing cycle had just finished. All through the drying I plied her for her name and address but she quite refused, telling me it was a 'one-off' job. She kept saying she was married and her husband wouldn't like it!

Heaven knows what he would have thought. If she was as randy as that normally he must be a tired but happy man!

turn to page 95

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November issue, Mayfair Magazine

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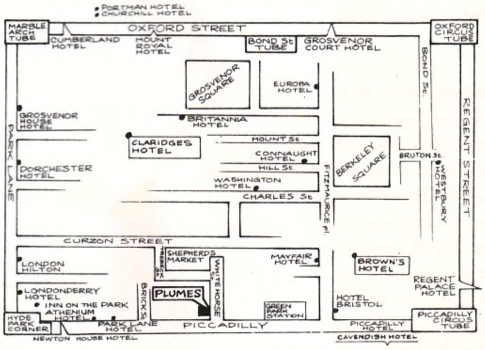
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LETTERS

ontinued from page 92

Now I'm going to carry a pair of panties with me every time I go to the launderette.

Alan Day, Surbiton, Surrey

n Vol 8 No 1 two readers vrote about the abnormal rowth of hair on some vomen. Although my fiancée annot match the hairy woman xhibited at a French show round, she has a black prousion of pubic hair that is imply appalling. Its length nd straightness are almost nique and it used to cause a ood deal of discomfort during ntercourse as it invariably got ushed into her vagina.

I asked her why she didn't ave it cropped short, but she aid that it only grew longer han before and, while at the tubble stage, was extremely rritating.

he has now, however, come p with an excellent solution—laiting the hair into two pigails, one on each lip. It has een a great success. Now vhen we have intercourse I ently lay her pigtails to each ide and occasionally, when he's naughty, I teasingly give hem a little tug.

V.A., Durham

DJ Barry (Vol 8 No 2) is not lone. I too love the sight of a vell corsetted figure. I see at east two good reasons for men o want the return of the hourlass figure in fashion. First it hows off well women's deliate and feminine characteristics – let us stop being mesnerised by bosoms and botoms. Secondly, by using a orset, a women does not have o rely on nature, but merely ave a strong mind to achieve figure for all to admire. Vomen have frozen their legs nd deformed their feet in the ame of fashion, so they canot legitimately argue against e discomfort of being tightly ced. If the girls in your magane lack the will to don corets, why not run a competion of readers' wives and girliends? Seek out the loveliest orsetted figure, the tiniest aist, the most contrast beveen bosom and hips. Many your readers will applaud our straitlaced attitude.

.G., Bath

have been travelling on train d underground in London for some years and I just don't believe the stories sent in by your readers of 'pantie sightings' and girls spreading their legs to show all. Every girl and/or woman seated in a train is always careful to place a hand bag, paper or other article upon her thighs. If the legs are not crossed they sit with knees together and feet apart. Even on the escalators the ever present handbag is strategically placed to prevent such sightings. One is left with two conclusions. Either the girls have no intentions of showing their charms, or they are just plain scared.

I would like to think that this letter might goad some of the more spirited girls into action, or write to you giving their reasons why they are so careful to cover up. How about it girls?

T.E., Essex

I was glad to read the letter from the Swedish girl in Vol 8 No 1. The only time I have really been helped by sex magazines was when a friend brought me one of those explicit Swedish ones. I was courting at the time and wondered how I would get on in the realm of sex. Instead of simply frustrating me as so many sex magazines tend to do when they show only nude girls in sexy poses, this Swedish magazine showed the real thing, no holds barred, with a couple demonstrating several positions for intercourse. This was just what I needed, and I soon put the practical ideas into use. My wife and I have gone on from there in our own inventive way. I feel that it would be a very good idea if Mayfair could show this educative facet of sex.

G.E.W., Battle, Sussex

I was very interested to read in Vol 8 No 3 the article by Graham Meredith on his vasectomy. Before I had the operation in January I too had certain misgivings, but after discussing it with two friends who had had it, I decided to go ahead. Arguments for it being made available on the National Health aside – and it certainly should be – or even for making it compulsory after two children, it has fantastic side effects. Not only is it the genuine male aphrodisiac, but by taking away *all* fears of pregnancy, which even the pill doesn't do completely, it

turn to page 98

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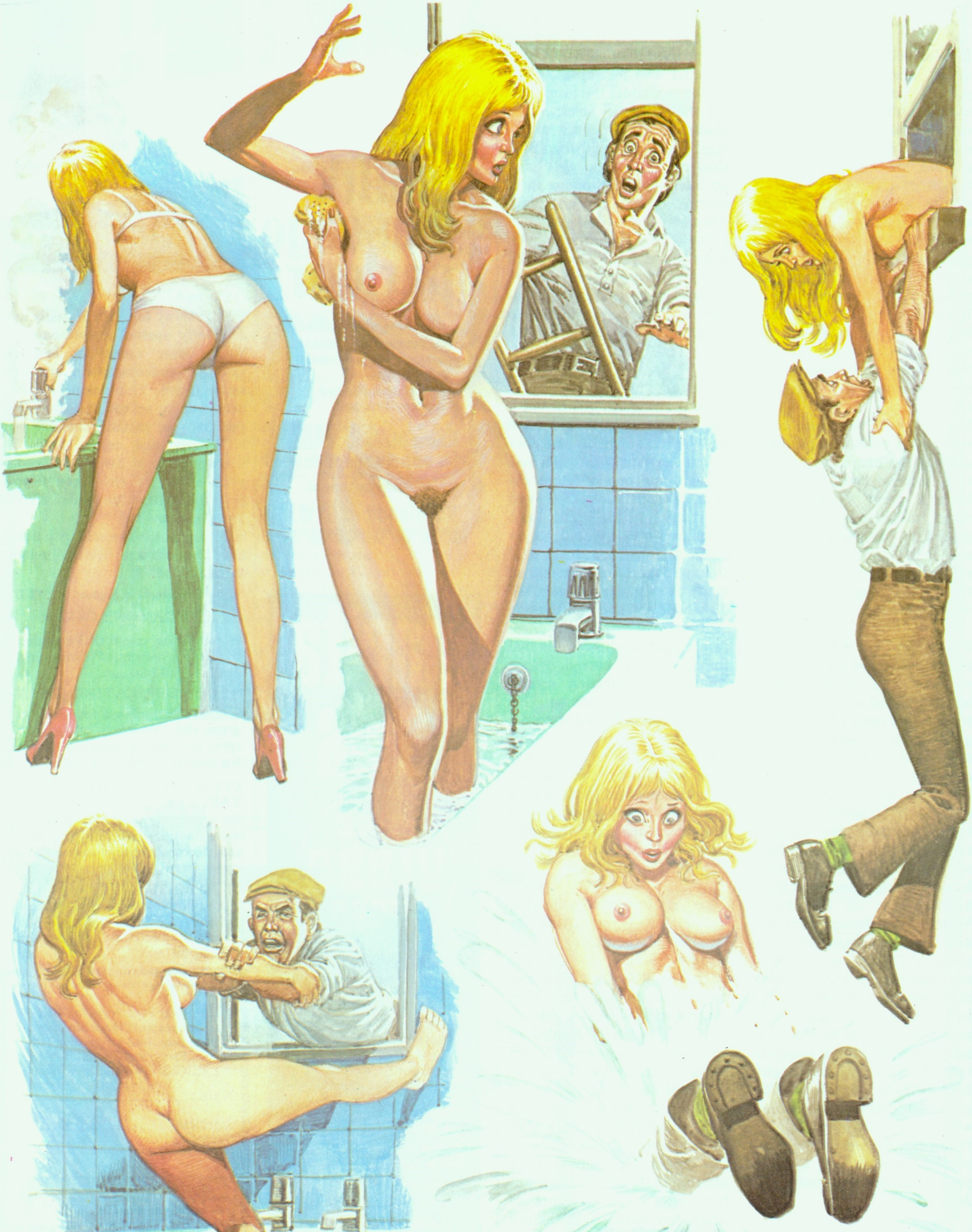

LETTERS

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wipes out any inhibitions the woman may have. So come on, lads, if you've got two children and feel the passion of a few years ago, get clipped. It may cost you a few quid, but not nearly as much as the sheath or the pill will over the next thirty years and it doesn't fill your wife up with unnatural drugs or make you bite your nails off because you forgot to go to the chemist.
Colin Thompson, Isle of Lewis, Scotland

The article on the *Royal George* disaster (Vol 8 No 2) is of interest to us as we have a small display devoted to naval disasters, and another on the work of Mr John Dean. The latter was not only the inventor of the diving suit, but also a most competent illustrator. His drawings and a print of his work on the *Royal George* are on display, together with the cannon he salvaged at Southsea Castle Museum.
Kenneth Barlow, Director, The City Museum, Alexandra Road, Portsmouth

We appreciate Zöe, Vol 8 No 2, as poor students at a technological university, where we don't get much stimulation! But we were disappointed in Angie, same issue. We did not think she was up to *Mayfair's* usual high standards. She had such small breasts, but was somewhat redeemed by a splendid growth of pubescent curls. Please give us bigger breasts and more well-rounded buttocks. Don't forget that both Zöe and Christianne were 35-ers. Are the interests of big bosom man being overlooked for a handful of pube petters?
Wynne Roberts, P. McGuiness, Dave Witty, Manchester

After reading the opinion of Mr John Duncan Bice, LLB, BA, in Vol 8 No 2, I felt I had to put pen to paper in protection of your beautiful birds. Mr Bice states that the birds in *Mayfair* look 'cold and bitchy'. If the opinion of a humble Able-Seaman may be put forward, I suggest Mr Bice takes a look at his own country. Having travelled both Canada and the US, and taking into consideration all other countries I have visited (and there are many!) I consider without doubt that birds from Mr Bice's side of the Atlantic are the most hard-faced in the world. If Mr Bice considers this the best magazine outside the US, he should stick to the advertising journals with hard-faced birds that his country produces.
Keep up the good work of undoubtedly the finest men's magazine in the world.
M. Joy, Upton, Torquay, Devon

I read with interest the letter from the Swedish girl, D.J., in Vol 8, No 1.
Last year in New York I did some modelling. It was very good money but as D.J. says, you have to be large and able to last a long time.
Taking still photographs is the worst, for holding a pose with your penis in a lovely girl while the photographer takes his pictures is not easy. I did one session with a petite girl and the smallness emphasised the size of my penis, which looked in the pictures really enormous. When I entered her she had a look of agony on her face and the pictures had a good effect.
J. Barber, Solihull

I enjoy your magazine greatly, but there is one point that I would like to make about it. The erotic quality of a picture is heightened if there is some idea of 'Forbidden fruit' in it. Eroticism is totally lost in a nudist colony, not just because of the numbers, but because there is no attempt to hide the 'exhibits'. The accidental exposure, on the other hand, such as on a windy day or through a bedroom window, is far more titillating than an organised exhibition at some night club. Perhaps you could show us some of these sightings, unknown and unintended by the dolly bird.
S.M., Spokane, Washington, USA

The Jack Trevor Story fiction in Vol 8 No 3 was one of the best I've read for a long while. Your authors may not be world famous, but you certainly endeavour to give us a lot of variety.
Colin Brown, Blackpool

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

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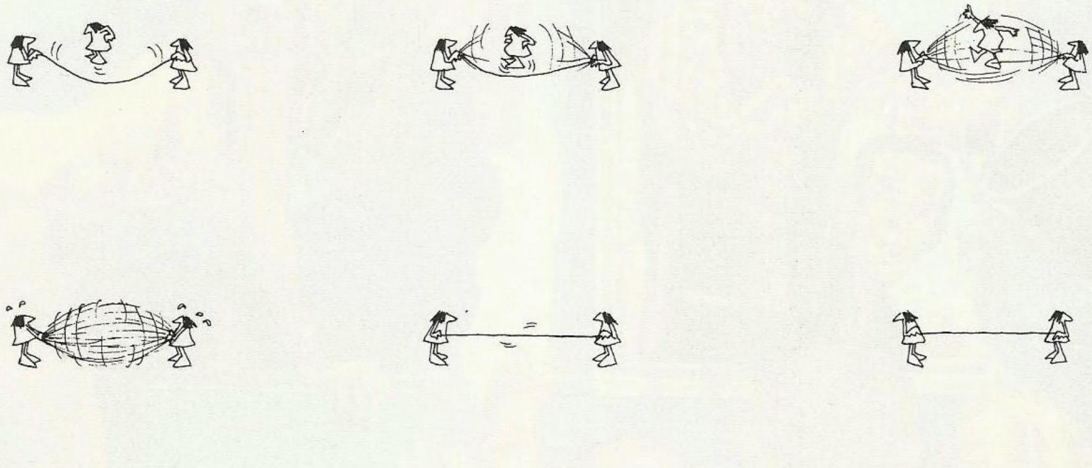

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